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The Oracle



1949

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The ORACLE

1949



WOODSTOCK COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL
SCHOOL

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TALENT TO ORIGINATE
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5 p.m.



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Mr. J. Lawr, Mr. G. Simmons, Mr. K. Hills, Mr. G. Bailey, Mr. A. Turner, Mr. R. Cross.

Middle Row: Mr. C. Kitching, Miss M. Broadley, Mr. L. Cordick, Mr. E. Froud, Mr. E. Berry,
Miss E. Kellerman, Miss E. McCorquodale, Mr. E. Ferguson.

Front Row: Miss P. Burgess, Miss M. Fisher, Mrs. I. Johnson, Miss H. Dunlop, Miss E. McKim,
Mr. E. P. Hodgins, Miss M. Bray, Miss J. Cameron, Miss D. Balls, Miss C. Currey.



ORACLE STAFF

Back Row: E. Boker, D. Nash, I. Palmer, B. Fleuty, G. Pierce, C. Knechtel, D. Kitching, D. Murray, F. Tabor, J. Coles, Mr. R. Cross.

Front Row: Mr. G. Bailey, Mr. K. Hiltz, H. Guthrie, W. Wouda, E. Ramp, C. Eltom, P. Brewster, H. McGillicuddy, J. Bradnam, M. King, E. Smith, J. Ferguson, Mr. J. Lawr, Mr. A. Turner.

Absent: J. Waring, D. Kitching.

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Literary and Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bailey
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Sports and Humour	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hilts
Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Hugh McGillicuddy
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Boys' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Donald Nash, Byrnes Fleuty
Girls' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jean Ferguson
Humour	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	George Pierce
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Photography	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frank Tabor
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MR. E. POW

Message from the Chairman of the Board of Education

It has been truly said: "It isn't wealth of riches that bring honor to an institution; rather is it those who tread in its service." And so it seems most appropriate that with the publication of this year's Oracle my thoughts should be directed to those who work within the halls of learning. First, to the teachers—that nothing shall quench the pride you shall always feel at having been associated, even for a time, with an institution so notable in the past and so distinguished in the present as that of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

And secondly to the student body—that there shall be for each of you a busy, useful and happy life; more you cannot expect; a greater blessing the world cannot bestow. As the late Sir Wm. Osler once remarked to a graduating class—"to cast your horoscopes would be interesting. To do so collectively, you would not like; to do so individually—I dare not; but it is safe to predict certain things of you, as a whole. You will be better men and women for the life which you have led here, having been initiated into the great secret—that happiness lies in the absorption in some vocation, which satisfies the soul; that we are here to add what we can to, not to get what we can from, life."

I do hope therefore, that with continued co-operation in the days that are ahead there may await the Woodstock Collegiate Institute an increasingly wide and influential sphere of useful service.

ERLE J. POW

Board of Education 1949

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February 12, 1949

Sir Oracle:---

To all those who labor in your interests I extend my personal thanks. The bringing forth of this issue year after year is an important phase in the life of this Collegiate. The records of school activities during the year are thus preserved and no doubt this issue will find a valuable place in the files of many students and will be carefully preserved for years to come.

The very close relationship between the life of this community and the school is visibly recognized by all the teachers. We are most grateful for the numerous contributions given by individuals and organizations from year to year. The honour of winning a prize by a student in attendance, is cherished beyond question, and nobody can estimate its value in the light of stimulation and effort.

In the hustle and bustle of this age, with so many things to do, I sometimes marvel at the steadiness of effort performed by the students in general.

One hope for the future is to do our best for all and in so doing present a well merited and united front.

Signed,

E. P. HODGINS

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Reflections

Two minutes to twelve, Friday, December 31st, 1948. Yes, just two minutes to a new year and the unknown. As the music of the orchestra pulses through the mind and the red and white decorations gently sway, thoughts flash back to the now fleeting year of '48.

1948 to you has been a year of accomplishment and great events. Like a falling meteor, thoughts race through the brain; basketball games, dances, tennis, rugby and all the happenings so dear to an older W. C. I. student.

One minute to twelve, just 1 minute, but in 1 minute there lives an age. How short a minute seemed during a tough geometry exam, how important a minute when talking to a certain person during the 1 minute preceding 9 or 1.30 o'clock on any school day! How well you remember that last long minute of basketball with Simcoe in '48, the score tied 15-15. How important that minute seemed, or was it really important? In another 10 years was that minute more important than the minutes spent in tiresome study? I wonder——?

Thoughts, like a hurtling wind, flash to the future. What will the new year bring, success, happiness or perhaps just the opposite? Again I wonder——?

In the new year will precious minutes be wasted? No, the time to work in '49 is in school where comes a chance to make a future.

"Auld Lang Syne". These notes float on the air bringing back reality. 1949 is here, scarcely a few seconds old, but already '49 is a reality, a year for work, decision and achievement.

12:01 o'clock, January 1st, 1949. As the music of the orchestra pulses through the mind the red and white decorations gently sway——.

Canadian Immigration---A Farce?

What do you think of Canada's immigration policy? This question has caused many arguments, both pro and con. While this scribe isn't a quoted authority on the subject, here are a few of the facts. Thirty thousand wood choppers, farm hands, domestics and charwomen have been brought

into Canada. When prospective employers want European labour, they can get the same in droves. On the other hand when a doctor, technician, or other professional worker wants entry into Canada the run-around begins. Immediately there is a great fuss with red tape waving gently in the breeze and as a result this required expert is refused entrance to our Dominion. It might be acceptable to bring in labourers "en masse", but we could still use some of these doctors, engineers and scientists.

What is the matter? Is the Canadian afraid of the competition of foreigners? In my opinion this competition would quickly develop Canada as a leading nation and place her where she rightly belongs in the world.

The Man's New Look

With the twentieth century have come streamlined houses, streamlined cars, and even streamlined dresses for the fair lady. To keep at least abreast of the times John Henpecked Husband has come out with the new "bold" look for men.

Why, even in the primitive 19th century wasn't the husband a subdued, timorous, diminutive creature lead around on a chain firmly grasped by an Amazon like female? Connected with this type of husband were the dark, single breasted, four button fronts, no padding, and all the other accoutrements that made up a spirit-crushing suit.

The times have changed; John Husband has ventured out from behind his shroud-like garb and now wears clothing which really expresses his freedom and dislike of his former subservient position. John's suit now constitutes a bold check, one-button roll to his knees, draped slacks and neon coloured hose. To top off this air of supremacy comes the low-brow, wide-brimmed hat from under which he can peer with a look that exemplifies the power of the gods themselves.

Zoologists may call this evolution, but we, being the male population, think it's about time men "smartened up". John Husband really took the goat by the horns (so as to speak) when he informed the wife that a man's home is his castle and that the female has no greater status than the maid.

Our Guide

The Vocational Guidance programme really has been boosted in the last year due to Mr. Oliver and those aiding him. This scheme is certainly going to "pay off", perhaps not this year, but in the years to come. It's a well known fact that a ship without a rudder won't go far and this new plan is the required rudder. Mr. Oliver has everything at his disposal to aid the students in the way of literature, information or just plain advice.

It's up to you students, to help yourself; don't be bashful in asking Mr. Oliver questions or seeking information.

Half the battle in life is deciding what you intend to do during that life and Mr. Oliver is the person to win the half-battle for you.

H. McGillicuddy, 13



Editorial Shorts

Note from the Humour Editor:

Quote: "If you think that this humour is bad you should have seen the stuff we turned down." —unquote.

Don't you think it's about time we installed the students' insurance scheme to cover any accidents to those of our group while "dans l'école"? (Maybe it could be extended to cover the teachers!)

Wanted by a certain basketballer: "A chemical compound which will immediately remove wax from a gymnasium floor with the minimum of labour."

The average Grade XIII student still has an unanswered and hushed question.

"What is the grand prize so often mentioned in geometry class?"

Editor's note—could it be "time after four?"

Fourteen

A word of welcome to Mr. Runnalls our new teacher. We wish him every success and happiness while in W.C.I.

* * *

The Student Executive

The Student Executive of W.C.I. exists for three specific reasons. These are the supervision of school events, co-ordination of activities, and action as an advisory Board. The executive is composed of the president and vice-president of the different school societies and includes a staff supervisor and three other staff advisors.

This organization has undertaken responsibilities in connection with the Commencement Dance, the award of Honour pins, the New Year's Eve Dance, the selection of the Queen of the Ball at the At-Home, and the London Free Press Leader selection.

The Student Executive looks forward hopefully to a reorganization which will bring its influence and use in the school to a higher level. Such changes, if they come, should bring a new, more democratic method of election, broader responsibility in the school life, and a stronger financial position.

* * *

Visit of the Lieutenant-Governor

A visit to our Collegiate by the representative of the crown, would under any circumstances, be a great occasion. Rumour had it, that wherever he visited a holiday was proclaimed and so we had even more reason to welcome him.

On November 1, 1948 Lieutenant Lawson and his gracious wife arrived at our school. When we assembled to hear him officially welcomed we were at once drawn to the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Lawson by their friendly attitude. A gift of a plaque of the coat-of-arms of Ontario was made to the school by Lieutenant-Governor Lawson. This plaque now hangs in our main corridor. Petite Lenore Carter of 9D presented Mrs. Lawson with a bouquet to express our gratitude. Last but not least, the news came that a holiday was to be granted to us in a short time.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario left our school and our city—but, he made us think of the strength of a government such as that which Lieutenant-Governor Ray Lawson serves.

THE ORACLE

Scholarships

●

The Rotary Club Scholarship of \$400 was won by Gerald McKay, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. McKay, R.R. 7, Woodstock, and at present Gerald is attending the Ontario Veterinary College.

●

A \$300 scholarship presented by the Business and Professional Women's Club of Woodstock was awarded to Vera Aspden, now a nurse in training in the Woodstock General Hospital. Miss Aspden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aspden, R.R. 2, Woodstock.

●

A provincial scholarship of \$400 was awarded to Helen Dewan who was also the recipient of a Second Carter Scholarship valued at \$60. Helen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Dewan, R. R. 1, Ingersoll and is at present enrolled at University of Toronto. Last year Helen served very capably as co-editor of this magazine.





Ruth Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scott, 331 Hunter Street, Woodstock, won a \$250 Provincial Scholarship. Ruth is now attending London Normal School.



Marion Fry was the winner of a Provincial Scholarship to the value of \$100. Marion is continuing her studies in Grade 13 at the W.C.I.



A Provincial Scholarship valued at \$100 was awarded to Janeen Waring who is at present continuing her studies in Grade 13 at the W.C.I.

Elizabeth Thompson was the winner of a \$300 I.O.D.E. Scholarship. Elizabeth resides with Miss D. Thompson of 50 Hincks Street, Woodstock and this year is a nurse in training in Hamilton.



A \$50 I.O.D.E. scholarship was awarded to Daphne Hill who at present is enrolled at the Brantford General Hospital.



Charles Scott was the recipient of a \$50 I.O.D.E. scholarship. Charles this year is attending the University of Western Ontario.





FRANCES DENNEY

Valedictory Address

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Hodgins, ladies and gentlemen:

Every valedictorian, who has been asked to perform this duty, has felt a sense of responsibility to the graduating group and a sense of pride in being the chosen representative; but I feel a special responsibility in that it is unique in the history of this school for a graduate of the Commercial Department to deliver the valedictory address.

An address such as this, must of necessity involve a sadness, for after all it is saying "Farewell". However, I do not wish to lay stress upon that aspect because we, as a graduating class, think of it as change from one status to another—"A Stepping Stone to a fuller Existence". Nevertheless nostalgic memories of the happy moments spent in this school flood our minds—times when an unexpected holiday was granted—remember when Mr. Hodgins celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as Principal of the Woodstock Collegiate and the gracious Board of

Education gave the rest of the morning to the students. We took the whole day! Or remember the times we cheered ourselves hoarse at rugby games and our courageous "Red Devils" were the subjects of broken bones and bloodied noses, and, much to the consternation of our good principal, we, the rooting section, sometimes became involved in friendly little arguments with the opposition. For the graduates of the Commercial Department especially, will Mr. Edward Ferguson, or "Fergie", be well remembered. On the average of once a day Mr. Ferguson would impart some pearl of wisdom or example of dry wit to his classes. One story I recall was about a friend of his who was very fond of fishing, and spent most of his holidays angling on the inland lakes of Ontario.

On one particular day when he was looking into the blue water of the lake he espied several large trout basking in the sunlight; he immediately reached for his bait only to find to his dismay that he had forgotten it. As he was looking around for a place to dig worms he noticed a snake with a frog in its mouth. Thinking the frog would make an excellent substitute, especially in its semi-digestive state, he attempted to get it away from the snake. After several unsuccessful attempts, inspiration filled him with hope. He pulled a flask of rye whiskey from his hip pocket and poured a stiff shot into the snake's mouth. That did the trick. He baited his hook and settled down to wait for one of the "big ones" to bite. A short time had passed when he felt something nudging against his ankle. He looked down.

There was the snake with another "Frog".

But all the moments we remember were not in a lighter vein—Many of us would think more particularly of a more solemn occasion such as the Remembrance Day Programme—especially the unveiling of the beautiful Memorial Organ and the Second World War Memorial Plaques.

Thus these memories, sometimes joyous, sometimes solemn, belong to the school tradition which has almost become a part of us.

When preparing my speech for this evening, I canvassed the approaches to my subject again and again and invariably found the approach was one which some worthy student before me had used; finally

I hit upon a comparison of a school to an aeroplane which seemed best suited as a means of portraying what I wanted to say.

I found myself thinking of all the composite parts that go into the construction of a plane—I could see the wood that was cut and shaped, the steel that was molded, the plastics used, the precision panel, the assembling of the intricate engine parts—all fashioned by countless skilled hands and exacting machines. So, in this school building, were assembled bricks and mortar, concrete and cement block, timber and steel girders, until one of the finest school buildings of Ontario became a fact in the city of Woodstock. And the hands that fashioned it—the architects, the excavators, the contractors, you, the people of Woodstock, who through your taxes, and guided by the Board of Education, created this fine Institution of learning.

It is one thing to construct an aeroplane or a building; it is another thing to make the best possible use of it. Here my comparison still holds good as in the case of the ground crew, which services a plane and keeps it flying—so in this school there is the Janitorial Staff which sees to the care and maintenance of this building.

And just as it requires seasoned instructors to train pilots to fly, thus a school requires skilled, competent teachers to instruct students for their work in the future.

In passing, I wish to pay tribute to the teachers of this school who through their diligence, their inexhaustible patience and understanding, prompted us to learn those skills which we do require in this hard, demanding, practical world of affairs.

To go back again to my picture—there remains the all-important factor of the person who must become the pilot of the plane. He must be an individual of high moral and physical calibre, of sound judgment, alertness, endurance, poise. These qualities enable him to take his plane to any destination assigned him.

Completing my picture I would have you think of the student, who through education becomes the "Pilot of His Life". Barker once said; "Knowledge is the Eye of Desire and can become the Pilot of the Soul."

The student has been given the school institution, the course of instruction, the encouragement and incentive towards development of moral and physical capabilities,

sound judgment, alertness, poise, enthusiasm.

We have become "pilots", and though we may go a long way from our training ground, it was here that we received the impetus towards personal achievement. Any success we capture in this life we will owe in no small measure, not only to ourselves, but to the training we have received in the Woodstock Collegiate and Vocational School.

To my school I would say "Farewell and Good Luck." On behalf of the Graduating Classes of 1948, and myself, W.C.I., we salute you!"

The Brook

Quiet, listen
Can't you hear
The singing brook
With music clear?
Laughing gently
As it flows,
On and on
And on it goes,
Turning this way
Twisting that
As it twines
Through the woods
Beneath the pines.
Quiet, listen,
Can't you hear
For it is O
So very near.

Daphne Cross, 13

Icy Streets

Icy streets,
Hurrying crowds,
Sidewalks none too wide;
With piles of books,
A youth lacks care,
And soon across
The walk he glides.
But farther
Down the avenue,
A milkman hurries to a door;
One slip of foot,
Oh, what grief!
The milk from out
The bottle pours!
A moral too
My story has
When icy days enthrall;
Watch your step,
Forget your pride,
For pride goeth
Before the fall.

B. Gorrie, 13.

1949 Graduates

Grade 13



TOM BALLANTYNE
HELEN CAMPBELL
SPENCER CHAMBERS



JOHN COLES
DAPHNE CROSS
DAVE DEWAN



HAROLD EADE
JEAN FERGUSON
MARIAN FRY



ROBT. GEOGHEGAN
ED. GLOIN
BARBARA GORRIE



HOWARD GREENLY
DOUGLAS HANCOCK
ROY HART



PETER JULIAN
WILLARD KARN
DONALD KEITH



DONALD KITCHING
DORIS KITCHING
CHAS. KNECHTEL



MARGARET KNUDSEN
JEANETTE LOCKE
YVONNE MACKIE



GORDON MANSELL
HUGH McGILLICUDDY
MARY McKAY



DONALD MURRAY
DONALD NASH
PANSY NICHOLSON



IVAN PALMER

PAT PARKES

DOUGLAS PHILPOTT



GEORGE PIERCE

RUTH ROSS

ELSIE SCHELL



JEAN SCHELL

MARILYN SCHELL

ELEANOR SMITH



GEORGE STEVENSON

ROY STEVENSON

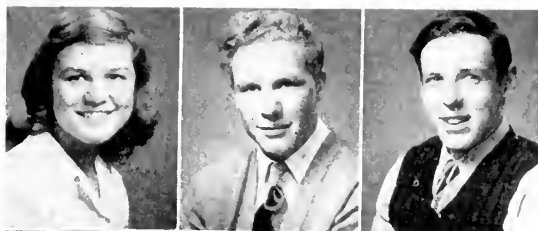
BETTY SWARTZ



BARBARA TAYLOR

JANET TOWLE

MARGARET TOWNSEND



JANEEN WARING

GEORGE WEBSTER

Grade 12 Commercial

TOM BATTRAM



BOB BOWMAN

KATHLEEN BRYSON

NANCY CAMPBELL



HELEN FODI

LILY GASPARATTO

HELEN GUTHRIE



MARGARET HANSON

REG HART

TERESA JERGER



RUTH MAJOR

SHIRLEY MASON

JEANNE MASSON



LINO ODORICO

BRUCE PIERCE

DONALD SALES



HOWARD SCHNEIDER

BERTHA SMART

CLAIRE TOMLINSON



WILMA WoudA

Commercial Special

JEAN BRADNAM

PAT BREWSTER



DAVE CRITTENDEN

RAE CURTIS

HELEN DAVIS



KENNETH DOIG

CLARA ELTOM

DOROTHY GARBUTT



EVELYN GRACEY

MARILYN HANCOCK

TOM KAYS



PHYLLIS KENNEDY

JOAN MANZER

JOSEPH MATIKA



JEAN McCOLL

ELEANOR ROMP

MAC ROSS



MARIAN ROSS

ALVA RUDY

JACK SKINNER



STANLEY WILSON



Literary

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

Theirs Is the Glory

Many great people attended the groundbreaking ceremonies of the United Nations new home on the East-River in New York City. All of them had helped to win a war and now they were helping to win the peace by being here.

Newspapermen were hurrying around to get statements from all of those great men, but they didn't get statements from the dead who came back from Iwa Jima, Salerno and Arnheim.

They didn't speak to the delegates from the hells of Mons, Ypres and Harpers Ferry.

Apart from these groups and standing unnoticed were Lee, Alexander the Great, Caesar, and Hannibal.

All the great soldiers were here, along with the countless dead of 15,000 great battlefields and battles through the centuries. Ernie Pyle was there, and sitting on a mound of freshly turned earth was Colin Kelly.

Yes—they were all here; men from the armies of Napoleon, Washington, Eisenhower, Montgomery; Ghostly figures from the Alamo, and Arebela, and Agincourt.

On all their lips, there was just one prayer—"Please Lord, Make it come out right this time".

Dan Gaynor, 12A

Crime

The sullen prisoner stalked down the seemingly forbidden corridor. The stoical, grim-faced guard strode silently behind him, an ever present sign of unbearable restraint. Except for the sound of their foot-steps the hall was hushed in a soul-deadening silence.

The prisoner's mind swept back over his past. Oh, what weakness toward temptation lay within the human element! What a hard, cruel, oppressive thing was society! Self-condemnation and self-pity swept over him in an unusual conglomeration of emotion. The prisoner entered the hushed hall of justice to meet his fate.

The sometimes laughing eyes of the judge were now stern and contemplating in their appraisal of this human derelict. The evidence was heard in minute detail and the damning accusations presented. Despite his gallant stand the accused broke down and confessed his terrible deed before the assembled dignitaries. His sentence fell like a sharp axe with stunning swiftness. The forlorn prisoner left the room in object misery to mount those dreaded steps.

Suddenly the "judge", Mr. Black, broke into a mirthful chuckle.

"Laura", he said to the "prosecutor", "I can still remember when I was first caught smoking in the chicken-house."

George Webster, 13

Spirit of 11A

When you hear notes of music
Echoing through the halls,
Or sounds of guttural German
Dispensed by our Miss Balls,
With a few slow urchins stopping,
While others straggle on,
Causing Mr. Hodgins to chide
"Move along, now, move along!",
No need to stop and listen,
No need for one to say
"Who **are** these fearful creatures?"

This is only 11A.

Despite our various efforts

We reach the Physics class.

First: Archimede's Principle?

Then: Refraction through a glass!

From third floor down to first floor

We trudge our weary way.

"O, for an escalator!"

You often hear us pray.

No need to stop and listen,

No need for one to say,

"Whatever **can** they be doing?"

You'll know it's 11A.

Discipuli picturam spectate!

These words rings loud and clear.

But 'tho we feel we're clever,

They fall upon ignorant ears.

French, too, is little better,

Causing Miss Cameron despair.

Should Whitehead deliver an answer,

'Wet weather would then become fair!

No need to stop and question,

No need to stand and say

"Whatever gives them all that pep?"

That's the Spirit of 11A!

N. Fleischer, 11A

B. Johnston, 11A

Daydreams

They build a wall about your soul,

Wherein you rest sublime.

And tho' the world about you falls,

Only you these walls may climb.

The flowers there have a sweet perfume,

Which lingers in the air;

And flitting birds fill a soft blue sky

Within this world which knows no care.

Your soul, at ease, sings a glad refrain,

Like the birds which dart above.

And you never think of an unkind deed.

For within these walls dwells only Love.

It's a better world than the world outside,

Where fear and want are known;

And you may keep it ever thus,

For you alone hold the throne.

Mary McCutchen, 12A

The Discovery

As the clock in room 206 swept out the remaining minutes before nine o'clock, the boys of Grade 13 were busily comparing homework assignments. Out of the nine o'clock confusion came Don, breathless, excited and grinning from ear to ear. Upon reaching his fellow class mates he exclaimed in a panting voice, "Look, fellows, I've got them!"

Everyone being curious over what was causing Don's excitement surged forward to obtain a better view. Ivan with his mouth wide open, stared intently at what he saw and a look of envy covered his face. George ran for his magnifying glass to examine this discovery of Don's further. Some of the more mature (and I use this word loosely) men of 13 merely laughed and told Don that some day he would regret his discovery.

Despite these warnings from the sadistics, Don was not in the least disheartened, for he realized that this discovery had lifted him above the heads of juniors. So proud was Don that for several weeks he displayed this discovery of his to all; at last it became quite apparent that Don would have to take the final and fatal step. The wise men of grade 13 comforted him and with their good advice still ringing in his ears Don went home and prepared for his first shave.

(Any reference to persons living or dead is purely intentional.)

Bill Matheson, 13

Twenty-Seven

Bonnie Prince Charlie, Old England's Pride and Joy

On November 14, 1948 England almost shook with joy and laughter at the great news. Elizabeth had given birth to a son! Bells rang, great crowds of people shouted and laughed for this was a golden lining for the dark clouds that had hung over Britain for months before.

Great crowds, first, second, third class all alike, gathered outside the great iron gates of Buckingham Palace. The afternoon was dark and drizzly but giving no heed to the weather the crowd continued to wait for the birth of the infant heir. At 9:14 the baby arrived and at once, loud cheering began. People from the interior of the palace tried to quiet them, but they were drowned out by shouts of "We want Daddy," or "We want Grandpa."

A month later the Christening took place and at this time the name that was chosen was announced, Charles Philip Arthur George. You can imagine the proudness of the mother and father as they looked fondly down into the lovely blue eyes of the infant heir and also the grand-parents whose faces were spread with joy and proudness. Oh yes, we must not forget Margaret or Aunt Margaret who became an aunt for the first time.

At the Christening the baby cooed happily as it knew how the people throughout the Empire loved and even envied him. Why shouldn't the people love the baby who might become their king and leader. Mr. St. Laurent said, "God bless this child, and may he not see deadly battles and war." May this be true not only to Prince Charles, but to people the world over.

By Helen F. Berry, 9C

Faces

One day while strolling casually through the hallowed halls of this institution for imbeciles I was struck by the variety of expressions discernible on the various faces of my fellow-sufferers. As I am intensely interested in my close friends, I proceeded to make voluminous notes on their state of mind as compared with their state of face.

On peering fixedly into the formidable features of one particular fellow, who shall remain nameless, the thought occurred to me that here was an individual whose life wasn't worth a plugged nickel to anyone, including himself. His quaintly quixotic expression reminded me of my younger days (or should it be daze?). He was obviously deeply involved in a romance which, to his warped way of thinking, was turning out to be the real thing. As I have had experience in such matters, I urged him to instigate reforms relative to his condition.

However, his attentions to my profundities suddenly dissolved like Jasper Q. Milauetost before the baleful gleam of his wife's eye when the objectionable object of his life's work appeared. My pleadings were to no avail and my heart almost failed me as my friend rushed to his fate, happily oblivious of his impending doom.

The most terrifying expression seen in these clammy corridors belongs, strangely enough, to about fifty per cent of the student body. The expression is a peculiar mingling of horror and pity. I will not delve deeply into the question of why these so-called juvenile-delinquents wear this outlook on life; suffice it to say that they may be late and have to face a detention. The above are ample reasons why the sufferer has a look of horror on his faded face, and as doubtless he pities his fellow-condemned, the second look is thus accounted for.

Last but not least is, of course, the "telescopic eye" type. I know little of this unsavoury character as I have never been the object of his glassy stare. Perhaps I don't wear the right coloured socks! As the people pass by, their looks of ecstasy or boredom which follow so rapidly on their coldly scientific countenances deeply intrigue me. I have no clue as to why they appear amused, delighted, or dejected, as the case may be, over particular individuals. I would like to analyse the mind of a "telescopic eyer", but would likely become involved in a series of kaleidoscopic images.

The above three types are a complete census of our student population. A student has found what he wants, found what he doesn't want, or is still looking.

To which type do you belong?

John Coles, 13

FIRST PRIZE POEM

The Seasons

Spring comes tripping over the hills;
greening the grass,
bringing the showers
raising the flowers.
A spritely young maiden is she.
Summer comes gaily up from the earth:
turning the grains
ricening the hay,
giving warmth to the day.
A beautiful lady is she.
Autumn comes riding on a brisk fresh wind:
painting the leaves
cooling the earth
bringing fires to the hearth.
A wise cunning fellow is he.
Winter comes stalking over the land:
nipping the nose
freezing the lakes
whirling snow flakes.
A sinister rascal is he.

Mary McCutchen, 12A

The Lost Letter

George sat at his office desk, thinking. Yes, thinking seriously about a letter which he had received during the morning. Certainly this letter had not been meant for him, but the envelope had been addressed to him. The only conclusion that he could arrive at was that someone had placed the letter in the wrong envelope. He picked up the letter and read it through again. It read thus: "My dearest; I tried to phone you last night but was unable to get you. I am writing this note to you this morning and you will receive it to-day at the office. I thought we could have dinner after work to-night, and then go to the theatre as we had planned. I will meet you at the corner of Bay and Harvard at five-thirty. Because this is a special occasion I will wear the green coat and yellow hat that you like so well. Your darling, Jeannie".

George didn't know any Jeannie, and furthermore he had no idea for whom this letter was intended. What was he to do? He didn't think it would be right to throw the letter away and think nothing more of it, for he could see some poor girl waiting for a friend who would never appear. Finally, he decided that the only thing to do would be to go to the corner of Bay and

Harvard and meet Jeannie and explain to her the mistake in the letter.

At five-thirty exactly, a tall young man descended from a street car and tried to make his way through the crowd to the sidewalk. All the time he seemed to be searching, and his eyes scanned the crowd for someone wearing a green coat and yellow hat. Yet in this turmoil of people eager to get home at the end of a weary day, he could find no one to fit this description. After waiting on the corner for almost twenty minutes George was becoming a little uneasy. Why should he bother himself about a silly little letter? Maybe Jeannie had phoned her friend and they had planned to meet somewhere else. Quickly he reeled around and in doing so bumped squarely into another pedestrian. After he had regained his own balance he looked to see with whom he had collided and to his amazement he saw a young lady sprawled on the sidewalk and staring at him with rage. But what interested George more was the fact that she was wearing a green coat and yellow hat!

"Are,—are you Jeannie?" he asked.

"Am I Jeannie? What difference does that make to you? The least you could do would be to help me up".

"You said you would wait at this corner and would—"

"So Bill couldn't come and he sent one of his friends instead. Well, I certainly don't like that," and she turned to leave. But George caught her arm and stopped her.

"Please let me explain," he pleaded.

"You don't have to," interrupted Jeannie, "but if you must, go ahead."

This little girl was so convincingly, so compelling that when George started to explain he had forgotten what he was going to say and found himself uttering these words.

"Yes, Bill sent me in his place, but why can't we go to dinner and to the theatre."

"All right", she replied, "it will serve Bill right".

And so they went to dinner and to the theatre. Before the evening was hardly started they had come to know each other well. And that night Jeannie wrote in her diary, "Well, the lost letter trick worked. At least I have met that blond young man I have been seeing on my way to work. And best of all we have a date for to-morrow night!"

J. Towle, 13

FIRST PRIZE STORY

The Irony of Fate

John Stone rested on the side of the road.

"Only three more miles," he thought, "and after all these years."

He lifted his puny bulk of tattered clothing as a car loomed into view; and then resumed his former position as the driver rejected his sign for a ride.

John Stone was sixty-nine years old, medium build, with drooped shoulders suggesting a life-time of hard work. His face was so lined and weather-beaten it assumed the texture of a raw hide doll. He wore a thread-bare tweed jacket, fitted — but for somebody else! His dirty gray flannels, which he had slept in the past month, were a bit too long and sagged at the knees. On his head perched an English tweed cap which had seen the light of other years.

John Stone was born in the small village of Wandering Heights, in the year of our Lord eighteen-hundred-and-seventy-nine. His father had been the village blacksmith, and upon his death he had gone to live with his aunt Agatha on Swallow Hill. His aunt had been left quite wealthy by her husband's estate, and provided for John undreamed of luxuries. After a month or so of high living John ran away and shipped out to sea at age fourteen. He became a first class sailor and after many years rose to the position of first mate. He occupied this until his sea legs gave out.

John then shipped back to England and became a waiter in the "Jolly Boy Inn", in Lincolnshire. Here he worked until word had reached him a few months ago of his aunt's death and of his falling heir to a large legacy.

"The real estate gentleman had said it was in the neighbourhood of one hundred thousand dollars."

John was now on his way to collect. His brief rest over, John set out on the last lap of his journey.

Some two miles distant and after numerous rests, John came to familiar surroundings. He stopped, his breath coming in short gasps, and looked up the road.

How well he remembered this spot.

"There's the old red barn. I wonder if Silas Horner is still alive? Oh well! It doesn't matter; Silas was never friendly. And down in the valley, there's the old lumber mill. Looks as if it's been closed for years!" Imagine, just a few more steps and I'll be rich!

John started up the hill; his breath was coming harder. He had to stop and rest every few yards.

"The doctor—told me I—shouldn't—have made this trip; but my heart—can't give out—now."

John reached the top of the hill and gazed across at the old Homestead on Swallow Hill. Suddenly the lust for money seized him. He started to walk fast.

"One hundred thousand dollars, all—mine".

He broke into a run.

"A fortune—all mine—all mine—just a little farther. Pain in my chest—head hurts—pain—pain.—"

. . .

"So old John Stone returned to die at home, Sam?"

"I reckon it looks that way. He left one hundred thousand dollars too."

"Too bad!"

"Yep, too bad".

Doug Hancock, 13

Lost

The house was still and dark, and from outside came the dismal sound of the wind howling through bare branches and over drifting snow. In the bedroom, however, all was not peaceful. From a small cot at one end of the room came the half-stifled sound of anguished sobs as a small boy poured out his grief in tears. Suddenly, the lad lifted his head, determination written all over his tear-stained face. Silently he watched the bed across the room where his older brother slept soundly. Satisfied at last that there was no danger from this direction he slipped from his bed, freezing in fear at every squeak of the spring. He pulled on his clothes, and crept from the room, down the stairs and out into the terrifying world of blackness, wind, and snow.

The small boy was Jimmy Blake, and the reason for his tears was his little lame dog, Tag. He was a comical pup, with big brown eyes blinking from a white face and a little black ear that perched over one eye, giving him a saucy, impudent look. According to the custom of the young canine world, Tag was in the habit of chewing happily on anything within reach. Earlier today, he had chanced to come upon one of Mr. Blake's best fur mits which, evidently, he mistook for a rabbit. To his sorrow, as he was in the act of choking his "rabbit," Mr. Blake, who had only grudgingly allowed

Jimmy to keep the dog, depended upon him with all his righteous indignation. Consequently Tag had been removed from the house on the toe of Mr. Blake's boot, along with a few "descriptive" words, and refused admittance thereafter. In vain Jimmy pleaded for his friend, but his father could not be moved. Thus Jimmy with mounting frenzy had watched night draw near, and had seen his little dog limp disconsolately off into the cold, unknown world. This was the reason for Jimmy's tearful and restless night until he determinedly set out in search of Tag.

Meanwhile another member of the Blake household was writhing in sleepless agony. Mr. Blake, a cold, calculating business man, was being tortured by conscience. Visions of Tag, frozen and dead on his doorstep with his small son Jimmy weeping bitterly, resentfully, over his tiny form, filled his mind. Then, he too slipped from his bed and into his clothes, a scowl on his face, but remorse filling his eyes.

As Mr. Blake opened the door he was almost overwhelmed by a great gust of snow which engulfed him like thousands of angry white demons, darting down his neck, up his sleeves, beating relentlessly upon his face and all but blinding him. Pulling together the shattered pieces of his determination he stepped out muttering under his breath.

"Now where in the world do you suppose that worthless mongrel has gone." He was rounding the corner of the house—suddenly—

"Oh—Dad! I—

"Jim! What are you—?

"Oh Dad," sobbed Jimmy, "I had to find Tag. He's gonna freeze, Dad. Please don't be cross—But how did you miss me so soon?"

"Er—ah—." At this point Mr. Blake cleared his throat, turned aside and appeared a trifle embarrassed. "We'll discuss that later—er—Did you find Tag?"

"No," sobbed Jim. "I think he must be dead." Silently Mr. Blake put his hand on his son's shoulder, feeling more warmth and understanding for his son than he had for many years. Silently they walked together back into the house and slowly, sadly, prepared to return to bed.

Then, as they passed by the door that led downstairs to the deep cellar, they heard a scratch and a low whine coming from

behind the closed door. Jimmy jumped and hurled himself on that door calling, "Tag, you're safe". Two minutes later a gleeful Jim and his excited pup, Tag, were rolling over and over in joyful reunion, heedless of the hard floor, while Mr. Blake watched with happiness and amusement in his eyes.

"Gee, Dad, laughed Jim, "Wasn't Tag smart to find a way into the cellar through that window?"

M. Fry, 13

Our School

Ten years ago in '39

The corner-stone was laid,

The nucleus of a grand new school

And the many changes made.

The foundation was finished;

Then they began the walls

Broken only by large windows

To light the rooms and halls.

The gymnasium and library

And auditorium too,

Were each greatly welcomed

And were really something new.

There was a shooting gallery

A room for teaching art,

A Home Economics Room,

And a Commercial part.

For Mr. Kitching there were

Two large modern labs

For splitting the atom

And dissecting crabs.

The various school notices

Brought in each day

Were quickly forwarded

Via the new P. A.

Since then there've been changes,

The Shop Room's seen expansion,

With equipment to make everything

From a tree-stand to a mansion.

There's a "pink room" for girls

Where the art of sewing's taught

And a beautiful Memorial Organ

That citizens and pupils bought.

But the most needed addition

Is Mr. Oliver's room

With pamphlets on everything,

From professions to pushing a broom.

What more could anyone ask for

And they're all at your disposal

Well—maybe a swimming-pool—

But that's a recent proposal.

So in the coming year

Don't you sit back and sigh,

Make use of these opportunities

Of Your W. C. I.

Roy Beatty, 12B



Activities

Memorial Day

Once a year a special day in November is designated for us to gather together in remembrance of those who died that we might attend free thinking schools as free individuals. To the strains of our memorial organ, so ably played by Max Magee of London, we solemnly filed into the auditorium. City officials and service club representatives assist each year in the service and are often asked to read the names of the boys from Woodstock Collegiate who have sacrificed their lives in two world conflicts. Too swiftly a name brings a lump in the throat or a tear in the eye as we are forced to think of a father, brother, friend or friend.

Ruth Patten gave a beautiful rendition of the Lord's Prayer after which an appropriate address was delivered by the Reverend P. R. Lammie of London. At the conclusion of the address the two flower girls, Miss Johnston, 12A and Marion King, 12A, carrying baskets of red and white

mums, followed the flag bearers, Dave Dewan 13 and Bob Geoghegan 13 to the memorial plaques, where they placed the flowers. As the strains of the last post died away the many students left the building pondering on the mystic gift of life.

May the W. C. I. continue to turn out heroes, but by God's Will may they never have to lay down their lives on a battle field, rather may they be doctors, statesmen, authors and leaders that history will record as martyrs.

Open Night

On Wednesday, November 17th between the hours of 7.30 and 10.00 p.m. a large number of interested parents and friends came to see the Collegiate in action. All the classes were in session with the exception of Grade 13 who acted as guides under the direction of Miss Cameron. From 7.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. the visitors saw the classes in session and many talked with the teachers. The open night was arranged by Miss Cameron, Mr. Turner and Mr. Ferguson.

A large number found their interests in

the Household Economic and General Shop classes while others sought out the Science Department and still more finally got a look at the Sound Room. Towards the end of the evening a program was held in the auditorium following the pattern of our weekly assembly. A unique feature of the program was the broadcasting of a quiz program between 9E and 9G over CKOX. This contest was in the hands of Bruce Marsh of CKOX.

Mr. Cross and Miss Burgess presented movies of the recent school year including the 1948 field day parade. Musical Numbers were provided by soprano Lucile Ernst of 9B accompanied by Marion Perry of 9F and trumpet solos by James Gordon of 11A accompanied by Betty Murry of 12A.

To conclude the program of the day a dance was held in the gymnasium. We hope that all who were able to inspect our Collegiate were favourably impressed and that they will keep in touch with the advances of the Woodstock Collegiate.

Commencement

The annual Commencement exercises were held in the auditorium on Friday, November the twenty-sixth. A very common statement in a school year book is it not? The story behind this statement tells of five long years spent in class rooms, over books, at tea-dances and formals, and the many other phases of our school life. Frances Denney, the valedictorian, expressed these thoughts and many more in her very apt address which officially marked the milestone of graduation for former students of the W.C.I. classes of forty-eight.

Commencement—the night when proud parents see their sources of pride and joy claiming prizes in academic and athletic fields. The prizes were presented by a few of the many friends of the school. As the evening drew on the presentations were interspersed with musical numbers by Diana Nesbitt, a former student, Miss Kellerman and her "twelve girl trio" and by George Hindle 12B, at the organ.

Two years ago the awarding of Honour Pins was a unique feature on the commencement agenda. Last commencement twelve more pins were presented to students who characterized the leaders of the Colle-

giate. The presentation of these coveted pins to the Honour Students of the W.C.I. by Mr. Hodgins brought an end to the long list of awards. The climax of the evening was in the play directed by Mr. Kitching and entitled **Mr. Simpson's Dream Castle**.

While Joanne Milburn 12A played a selection of pieces on the memorial organ the stage and properties' committees, under Mr. Branch and Miss Cameron respectively transformed the stage into a living room of the fairly well-off Simpson family.

The one act comedy centered around young Annabel who upset the whole house by merely asking if she and her boyfriend Tommy might be allowed to use the living-room. Her oldest sister, Lillian, couldn't understand this until she fell in love with a travelling salesman to bring this humorous play to an hilarious ending.

The cast of the play was:

Director—Mr. Kitching
Mr. Simpson—George Hindle
Mrs. Simpson—Joan Leslie
Irene Simpson—Lucy Jackson
Lillian Simpson—Catherine Holdsworth
Annabel Simpson—Mary Roberts
Tommy Wilkins—Ivan Palmer
Charles Merriwether—Bruce Cunningham
Stranger—Dan Gaynor
Lighting—Mr. Froud, Glenn Pauli, Ronald Hulse
Stage Properties—Miss Cameron, Mary-Jane Grothier, Elsie Shell, Barbara Gorrie, Joyce Ross
Stage Management—Mr. Branch, Donald Sales, Thomas Battram, Ross Boulton
Make-up—Miss B. Dent
Prompter—Doris Kitching

Sadie Hawkins

Allow your imagination to wander and picture an Indian doll astride a horse of brightly hued gumdrops and possessed of a fantastic tail of balloons and then, set all this upon a paper pie plate and you have the winning corsage of the annual Sadie Hawkins Dance! The lucky bearer of this corsage was Don Coles of 11A fame, while the designer was Donna Wilks 11D. The choosing of the most original corsage was the climax of the evening which saw the girls of the school escorting the boys and incidentally footing all the bills.



STUDENT EXECUTIVE

Back Row: W. West, G. Ritchie, D. Dewan, T. Kays, W. Karn, E. Tatham, Mr. S. Blair.

Front Row: Mr. L. Cordick, H. Guthrie, J. Bain, M. King, Miss E. McCorquodale, R. Ross, M. Johnson, C. Eltom, Mrs. I. Johnson.

The many couples danced to the music of "Ray-Cording" amidst decorations of "Shmoos" and "Dogpatchers". This dance is annually sponsored by the Girls Athletic Society under the guidance of Miss Burgess. The dance was under the General Management of Elizabeth Tatham and Mary McCutcheon. Clara Eltom arranged the decorations, while Janeen Waring looked after the lunch. Advertising and music were in charge of Irene Porter and Jean Otto respectively.

Postscript:

So much for the Sadie of 1948 where the girls had a chance to ask the fellows to dance. The girls dream all year of dancing with "him" and when Sadie Hawkins' Day arrives and she has her opportunity she finds that he is not half as wonderful as she thought.

Thirty-Four

Christmas Assembly

Each Christmas prior to the holiday period the teachers provide the assembly program. This year a beautiful pageant was enacted by the staff under the direction of Miss Burgess. The skit showed the effect of many long hours of striving for perfection.

The scenery was made under the direction of Miss McKim and the special lighting effects were created by Mr. Froud. The entire staff participated in the program with the assistance of a few students. The story was narrated by Mrs. Johnston and the two leading character parts taken by Gordon Brown 9-E and Donald Ogden 9-E. Joan Robinson of 11C sang the beautiful Christmas music which helped tell the story.

THE ORACLE



"OUR QUEEN" AND HER ATTENDANTS

Left to Right: J. Ferguson, J. Bradnam, C. Eltam, J. Waring, E. Smith, E. Romp, N. Fleischer.

Annual At Home

Who will be the Queen of the Ball? This was the current question prior to the At Home when lovely Janeen Waring of 13 was crowned as queen. This was quite an innovation and the school seemed to enter into the spirit of the project. Several days before the dance seven girls were asked to run for the honour of being the first girl to be crowned as queen. A few days before the dance Janeen was picked by a vote of the entire student body.

Not until Friday night at the dance did anyone know the result of the vote. Mr. Hodgins was awarded the honour of crowning the queen while Dave Dewan presented her with an inscribed silver bracelet on behalf of the student body and Judith Bain gave her a bouquet of red roses. We hope

that Janeen our Queen will go on to make other conquests.

The decorating committee did an exceptional job in transforming the gym into an atmosphere of deep marine life. While a mermaid was pulled along the north wall by six sea-horses, a huge black whale floated luxuriously along the west wall. Bob Turner and his orchestra provided the music for the affair from a band stand draped with fish nets. Schools of multi-coloured fish covered the walls under a canopy of blue with silver stars.

The receiving line composed of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Pow, Tom Kays, and Clara Eltom, welcomed the couples to the dance. Following the Grand March led by Mr. Hodgins and Janeen Waring, refreshments were served on the third floor.



GIRLS' CLUB

Back Row: M. Legacy, B. Jones, M. Bowman, S. Richardson, J. Leslie, D. Cross, E. Weeks, P. Young, M. Ure, P. Israel, A. Sonders, J. Davis.

Back Row: M. Legacy, B. Jones, M. Bowman, S. Richardson, J. Leslie, D. Cross, E. Weeks, Miss M. Bray, J. Boin, P. Brewster, M. McMurray, J. McLeod, J. Conlin.

Girls' Club

Late in September the initial meeting of the Girls' Club was held. Mrs. E. P. Hodgins—Honorary President; Miss Bray—staff advisor; Marion King—President; Judy Bain—vice-president; Mary Roberts—secretary and Pat Brewster—treasurer were the officers elected.

After Stratford and Woodstock tussled at a football game, a dance was held for all and refreshments were served to the players.

Christmas cards sold by the form representatives were popular among the students.

Rugby Dance

Each year, after the close of the football season, the Boy's Athletic hold a dance in honour of the team. This year the dance was held the night that school was dismissed for the Christmas holidays. The boys, who were mainly responsible for the affair, were Edward Wladyka, Hugh McGillicuddy, and Douglas Hancock. The team were presented with their rugby sweaters at the dance, which they are privileged to wear the remainder of the school year. The dance was enjoyed by many and we understand that the boys made it a definite financial success.

New Year's Eve Dance

A few years ago the Board of Education offered to sponsor a New Year's Dance for the students. This event seems to have fast become an annual affair with each successive year producing greater popularity.

Pine boughs, bunting balloons and a huge Christmas tree decorated the gymnasium for the dance which was under the direction and supervision of the Student Council.

The receiving line was formed by Mr. and Mrs. Pow, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, Clara Elton and Tom Kays.

The music for the happy crowd of dancers in formal dress, was supplied by Bob Yohn and his band. As the old year slipped away into oblivion, and the New Year arrived with all its promises, people in gaudy hats, blowing horns and greeting their friends, created a din that was deafening. Judging by the many favourable reports, the New Year's Dance was a top-notch success. The committees responsible for this successful dance were:

Music Tom Kays, Marion King
Decorations Elizabeth Tatham,

Clara Elton

Invitations Judy Bain, Ruth Ross
Refreshments Grace Ritchie, Bill West
Finance Mr. Cordick, Dave Dewan
Bouncer(!) Willard Karm



I.S.C.F.

Left to Right: G. Hindle, M. Woodall, A. Clayton, R. McAvoy, P. Young, Mr. R. Froud, R. Ross, M. Fry, B. Clayton, L. Wells, D. Pratt, M. Wells.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship

Each Wednesday noon at 12.30 p.m. the Woodstock Chapter of Inter-School Christian Fellowship meets in the auditorium. The executive in charge are:

President—Ruth Ross
 Vice-President—George Hindle
 Recording Secretary—Rosabel McAvoy
 Corresponding Secretary—Marian Fry
 Treasurer—Clarence Showers
 Pianist—Patsy Young
 Staff Adviser—Mr. Froud

The meetings are arranged so as to provide interest and fellowship for the students. Bible quizzes are often given, familiar hymns and choruses are sung, and special musical numbers provided. At various times during the year the group is invited to conferences in centres where students of I.S.C.F. groups from other cities meet for the week-end. Regularly at 12:00 noon on Monday a prayer meeting is held in Room 210.

At Christmas, carol-sings are held and frequently the students gather in the evening for a squash (party) which includes games and lunch. Such gatherings are drawn to a close by a few brief meditations on the Word of God.

As a practical contribution to the school life, the I.S.C.F. has accepted the responsibility of servicing the First Aid Room.

Music Club

The Music Club is one of the most active clubs in the school. The Glee Club have made themselves heard at the Open Night and Commencement as well as the Red and White Revue. The officers of the club are:

President—Grace Ritchie
 Vice-President—Douglas Hancock
 Secretary—Shirley Mason
 Treasurer—Howard Schneider
 Consulting Members—Eleanor Smith
 and Sidney Squires.

The orchestra is one of the hardest working and least praised of the many school organizations. Each Wednesday they play us in and out of the assembly hall as well as supplying music during the program. The executive of the orchestra consists of President Willard Karn and Vice-President Howard Greenly. Many, who are in contact with the school, loudly sing the praises of our worthy Miss Kellerman who is quietly discovering and moulding W.C.F.'s artists of to-morrow.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Front Row: J. Kerr, E. Hill, D. Pearson, H. Guthrie, R. Rass, Mrs. I. Johnson, J. Bragg, P. Brewster, E. Brannan, G. Brawn, Dick Treleven.

Back Row: H. Berlette, G. Ross, J. Milburn, H. Fadi, J. Bradnam, J. Ferguson, C. Cales, N. Lawrence, R. Moore, M. Smith, R. Hampden, D. Bickle.

Absent: I. Cauch.

W.C.I. Junior Red Cross

At the organization meeting of the Junior Red Cross the following executive was elected.

Honorary President—Mrs. J. A. Wallace
 President—Ruth Ross
 Vice-President—Helen Guthrie
 Secretary—June Bragg
 Treasurer—Patricia Brewster

The chief means of raising money for the Collegiate Junior Red Cross is through management of the cloak rooms for the various functions in the school. Mrs. Johnson and her helpers are to be seen busily checking coats at Community Concerts, school dances, Little Theatre Plays and other activities.

Last year over \$125.00 was raised. This year we are hoping to exceed this amount.

Each year donations are given to the Junior Red Cross in Toronto and the Canadian Red Cross.

Red and White Revue

February 24th and 25th were two crownning nights in the school year as the Red and White Revue was successfully staged by student talent.

The capacity crowds voiced their appreciation with sustained applause following the different parts of the programme.

The orchestra and ushers, wearing for the first time their new blazers, presented a smart uniform effect.

Preceding curtain time the school orchestra under the direction of Miss Kellerman ably played selections from Jerome Kern's "Show Boat".

As the curtain went up the eerie scene of the interior of the Stewart's cottage on the road from Straun to Rannock in North Perthshire was presented. The play, "Campbell of Kilmour", revealed to us the result of the Stewart family assisting Bonnie Prince Charlie who was hiding in the hills.

The hushed audience received the one act play directed by Mr. Bailey with great acclaim.

The cast included: Mary Roberts as Mary Stewart, the mother; June Kerr as Morag Cameron, niece; Dan Gaynor as Dugald Stewart, son; John Carr-Harris as Captain Sandeman; Bruce Cunningham as Archibald Campbell; Laurie Branch as James Mackenzie, clerk; Ivan Palmer, George Stevenson, James Douglas, soldiers.

Joan Leslie was bookholder; Miss Patricia Burgess was in charge of costumes;



W.C.I. ORCHESTRA

Front Row: D. Schell, J. Tawle, J. Markle, M. Woodall, P. Janny, J. Milburn, M. Schell, G. Hanke, J. Parsons, E. Clark.

Rear Row: W. Karn, H. Schneider, G. Hindle, R. Blair, Miss Kellerman, H. Greenly, J. Gardan, D. Stevens, P. Fraser.

William West, sound effects; Miss McKim's art classes, scenery and Mrs. A. E. Heaslip, special assistant in make-up.

The "Kitchen Clock", an amusing reading by the 11A girls prepared the audience for the comedies to follow.

Those taking part were Barbara Karges, Evelyn Bond, Lois Cocker, Barbara Johnson, Margaret Murtha, Charmay Mountford, Doreen Otto, Margaret Venner, Patricia Llewellyn, Sandra Thompson, Bette Thompson, Devona Paquette, Patricia Hulse, and Patricia Darrow with Marilyn Legacy as the maid of the Kitchen and Gordon Brown as Chore Boy.

The audience, now in a jovial mood was taken into the Spinnet home, an average 20th century abode complete with an older and younger brother with sisters to match. The play "Georgie-Porgie" gives a view of the typical harassed younger brother, his rise to supremacy, and topping it off a supposedly ugly cousin turning out to be a beautiful blonde!

The people received the production heartily and loud and long was both the applause and laughter.

Miss Helen Dunlop and K. C. Hilts did a fine job of directing the cast which included: Georgie Spinnet, James Carnwath; Mrs. Spinnet, his mother, Lois Boles; Tessie, the maid, Aveleigh Hepworth; Tod Spinnet, Peter Ferguson; Dorothea Spinnet, Wilma

White; Hugh Cameron, Ivan Palmer; Millie Spinnet, Marlene Longworth; Mamie Burmeister, a cousin, Norma Carter.

Misses M. Fisher and M. Broadley handled the costumes; Marilyn Shantz and John Kapusta were prompters.

Following a brief intermission, the evening was climaxed by a splendid showing of the operetta, "Trial by Jury", by the W.C.I. Music Club.

The principals and chorus performed in a professional manner and many were the complimentary remarks heard throughout the audience.

Although the Defendant (Douglas Hancock) gladly offered to marry the Plaintiff (Grace Ritchie) today and his own love tomorrow, the Judge (Byrnes Fleuty) settled the matter by marrying the Plaintiff himself. The foreman of the Jury, (Sidney Squires); the Counsel for the Plaintiff, (Edward Gloin) and the antics of the Usher, (Howard Greenly) added to the comedy.

Special acknowledgments were made to the general director, C. H. Kitching; properties, R. Froud, Ron Kendall and Don Baird; stage, H. Branch, S. Blair, Tom Battram and Don Sales; lighting, L. Cordick, Frank Tabor, Don Kitching, Don Cole, Glen Pauli and Ron Hulse; tickets, Miss Bray, Howard Schneider, Bruce Pierce, and Tom Battram; make-up, Miss B. Dent, and members of the staff.



LITERARY SOCIETY

Mr. G. Bailey, H. Greenly, K. Doig, G. Ransome, M. Johnston, D. Dewon, C. Eltom, J. Douglas, R. Blair, H. Ransome, Miss E. McCorquodale.

Ushers for the evenings were E. Berry, R. Geoghegan, J. Coles, D. Keith, R. Beatty, I. McKeown, J. Todd, P. Poole, C. Knechtel, T. Ballantyne, H. McGillicuddy, G. Mansell, J. Lefler, D. Symons, E. Wladyka and J. Halinaty.

Special thanks must also be given to pianists Pat Young and Ruth Bowyer; organist Joanne Milburn and to T. Jerger and the commercial students for the programmes.

As the audience filed from the auditorium many favourable comments could be heard concerning the plays and the operetta. These remarks alone should encourage our own W.C.I. talent to rise to new heights in the future.

The first meeting is held in connection with this society is the nomination meeting. After several days of strenuous campaigning the election day arrived. When the ballots had been cast and counted Dave Dewan of Form 13 was the new president of the Literary Society. The other members of the executive are 1st vice-president Clara Eltom, C.Sp., 2nd vice-president Howard Greenly, Form 13; 3rd vice-president Jim Douglas, 12A. Secretary Marjo Johnson, 12A. Treasurer Ken Doig, C.Sp. Special representatives from all the forms were Howard Ransome Grade 11, Bob Blair Grade 10, and Jerry Ransom Grade 9.

Shortly after the society was formed the new arrivals to the school were initiated. We gladly welcomed the idea of mass initiation to the newcomers who came willingly to our institute to continue their education. Before we would allow these "new arrivals" to call the W.C.I. their "alma mater" there were a few formalities to be dispensed with, mainly "Initiation!" To describe the tortures our poor friends were made to endure is a pleasure. The girls were not allowed to wear make-up at all, but were compelled to wear large hair bows and odd shoes and socks. The boys seemed to be completely happy as they towed their little trucks around on a length of string. They were also forced to wear their shirts



Literary Society Meetings

The Literary Society conducts the most vigorous campaigns at the time of elections.



ORACLE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: Colvin Kennedy, P. Ferguson, Don Davis, G. Todd, C. Whitehead, Ron Bright, R. Thomson, Grant Thompson, G. Calder, Bob Hampson.

Front Row: A. Kreiger, G. Mansell, Bannie Bragg, Shirley O'Dell, Betty Lee, P. Kennedy, J. Boin, Evelyn Lowler, B. Cunningham, R. Beatty.

Absent: William Kerr, Ruth Major, Norma Graham.

and ties backwards, as well as odd shoes and socks. All would have been quiet and peaceful but there were a few newcomers who had ideas of their own and had to be looked after! To end the two day skirmish which left the lower halls smelling of perfume and onions, we all met in the assembly hall to officially welcome the good sports of the grade nines into the W.C.I.

After months of anxious waiting another literary meeting was held. The stage was set to remind one of a radio studio. After the usual opening formalities we saw Bob Moore take over as M. C. to guide the hilarious show on its way.

A feature was Tom Kays All Girl (?) Orchestra consisting of Tom Kays, Jim Douglas, Jim Lefler, Ed Wladyka, Doug Symons, Hugh McGillicuddy, Pete Julian, John Coles and Doug Hancock. Syd Squires and Doug Symons did a take-off on a well known comedy show. The meeting closed in the usual manner at 3.55 p.m. and left all hoping that circumstances might lead to another Lit. in the not too distant future.



"Welcome Mr. Runnalls"

Our new Science Head earned his Honour Science Diploma at U.W.O., spent two years in Minerological research at Queens, and 9 years teaching, 5 of which he was Principal of Collingwood Collegiate.

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Junior Public Speaking

Joyce Murray of 9B won first prize in the girls' public speaking contest of January 20, while Peter Ferguson of 10C captured the laurels in the boys' contest of January 26. Joyce delivered an interesting and effective talk on the subject, "Choosing a Vocation", and Peter presented a convincing discussion of the point "Are We Wasting Our National Resources"?

Runner-up for the girls was Annabel Smith, and for the boy, Peter Tillich, 9C.

The other speakers were Wilma White, Helen McGachie, Dorothy Cook, Evelyn Hill, Mervyn Kowalchuk, Ronald Wilker, Robert White and Reginald Thompson.

In the girls' contest the judges were Mr. W. Ward, Mr. William Bottoms, and Mr. Pierce, and for the boys' were Reverend G. L. Douglas, Mr. H. E. Passmore, and Mr. F. E. Ellis. Our school always appreciates the time so generously given by these men.

Senior Oratoricals

For the second successive year, Joan Leslie of 12A walked off with top honours in the senior girls' contest. Speaking on the subject of "Homer Watson the Artist and Man", Joan presented him as the first truly Canadian Artist. In her impromptu speech, an interesting and amusing incident was

cited to comply with the subject of "Behind the counter in a Store".

In second place was Marion Bass of 11B who spoke on the great naturalist "Jack Miner". In her speech she highlighted his early life and his method of handling birds. Her impromptu was "A Secret".

The other two very worthy opponents were Barbara Johnson of 11A, speaking on "New Movement in Canadian Art" and Isabelle Mason of 12A with her philosophical subject "As a Man Thinketh".

The senior boys' contest saw John Carr-Harris of 12A as winner and Elgin Baker 12A as runner up. Speaking on the timely subject of "Jet Propulsion", John explained the advantages and problems arising from jet propulsion. In his impromptu John told us very definitely why he preferred to live in the country.

Elgin Baker gave a pictorial description of Rochester, Minnesota and the Mayo Clinic. His precise phraseology and wording brought him to second position in a field of five candidates.

Bob Cornforth 11B spoke on "Trends Towards Juvenile Delinquency". The Supernatural provided the title for Ronald Hulse of 11A when he told us of ghostly happenings. Clarence Showers of 11C concludes the list of candidates with the topic of "A Prophet in the Wilderness".



The Sound Crew

The sincere appreciation of the school is expressed to the boys of the sound crew. Their work for the school has certainly not been forgotten. From left to right, they are: Glen Pauli, Ron Hulse, Don Coles, Don Kitching, Frank Tabor (chief).

Mr. Lewis

Congratulations are in store for Mr. Lewis newly elected alderman. He'll be a very busy man now, with his duties as chief engineer of the school and a city father.



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GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row: M. Robinson, S. Martin, M. Comer, E. Woods, Y. Potter, E. Jackson, N. Strickler, M. Ross, K. Holmes, J. Anderson, I. Porter.

Front Row: E. Tatham, N. Carter, W. McMurray, W. McFarland, J. McBurney, Miss P. Burgess, J. Weir, C. Lewis, M. McCutchen, J. Otto, C. Eltom.

Girls' Sports

Girls' Athletic Society

A new term brought the form representatives of the Girls' Athletic Society together to elect the officers for the '48-'49 term. Acting under the able supervision of Miss Burgess, the new heads are:

President - Elizabeth Tatham
 Vice-President - Clara Eltom
 Secretary-Treasurer - Mary McCutchen

Field Day

The girls events for field day came off under a blue, sunny sky. Individual events were held in the morning with Mary McCutchen, 12A carrying off the senior laurels—runner-up Eleanor Jackson, 11C, Aveleigh Hepworth, 10A, the intermediate—runner-up Wilma Scott, 11C; Joanne Metherell, 9E the junior runner-up Elizabeth Woods, 10B.

In the afternoon, class events were held with 11C, under the captaincy of Lola Culbert, carrying off the honours, and 12A, under the captaincy of Marjo Johnston, as runner-up.



FIELD DAY CHAMPS

J. Metherell, A. Hepworth, M. McCutchen

Basketball

From the odd interform basketball game we've seen, Miss Burgess won't have to worry about a future W.O.S.S.A. team. With a little polishing up and experience, there should be some very capable players.

Basketball teams are playing on the same complete schedule as the volley ball team, but as yet it has not been completed.

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

The inevitable has happened! Woodstock has been placed in a loop with London Central so, as the saying goes, we kiss our chances goodbye, unless something unforeseen happens.

This year some of Mr. Young's boys, have been coaching the girls on shooting. Let's hope it brings us luck.

Games

With the first three of our games decided losses, the win against Stratford came as a shock, and gave a decided lift to our dragging spirits.

"Y" 47—W.C.I. 14

Our first game, played on the cramped quarters of the Y.M.C.A. floor, and with many of the ex-stars of the old teams put us at a decided disadvantage. With Barb Johnston keeping up the spirits of her team-mates by a line of patter and a lively game no one was particularly downhearted. Captain Janeen Waring plus the other two guards had a great rough and tumble time under the other basket, and a free for all going the rest of the time (keeps the mind occupied) left the players of both teams in a happy frame of mind.

"Bell" 37—W.C.I. 23

Why do all our opposing teams seem to have a giant on their forward line? Gloria Elliott captured 30 of her teams points, which led us to believe that without her we would have had a very good chance of winning.

"Norwich" 27—W.C.I. 17

Norwich has another one of these small floors with extremely wobbly baskets, but they also have a good team: plus the Lazenby twins.

Lib Tatham played the most outstanding game on the floor and Barb Johnston a close second. Torch Mallen acted as referee and proved that she knew her job by handing out plenty of well deserved penalties on both teams.

Although it was a close game, let's make the return game closer, in fact, let's win.

"Stratford" 18—Woodstock 20

Our losing of the first three games must have ended the jinx until London Central comes up, February 21. Although our winning edge over Stratford was not large, it was enough to raise the teams hopes. Janeen Waring played a superb game aided by Lib Tatham. Mary Roberts, forward, sunk a beautiful shot from the far corner of the floor and Barb Johnston, Jean Otto, Joanne Milburn and Clara Eltom piled the rest up. Although it was a fast game, the large number of fouls handed out to both teams, slowed it up to a slow trot between the free shot line and nearly drove Miss Burgess out of her mind. It was all chalked up to experience and the team went home happy.

Janeen Waring—captain and guard. "Clem" is always good for a scrap and besides, she is a dependable and valuable player.

"Lib" Tatham guard. There's nothing Lib likes better than a slow, clean game with lots of tall forwards??? Her ability and sense of humour always perks the rest of the team up.

Barbara Johnston—forward. Although this is Barb's first year at W.O.S.S.A. she is one of the hardest and fastest workers on the floor, and besides she has great faith in the team.

Joanne Milburn—forward. Joanne is a valuable and steady player, and her shooting ability is really something we can use.

Phyllis Kennedy guard. "Fizz" when not scraping the skin off her knees is one of our most valuable players and just loves adding laughs and double dribbles to the game.

Doris Kitching—guard or forward. Doris's height and undying energy come in very handy in these fast games.



W.C.I. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Miss P. Burgess, B. Johnston, J. Otta, E. Totham, D. Kitching, J. Milburn, B. Karges.

Front Row: D. Wilks, M. Roberts, J. Kerr, J. Waring, J. Ferguson, P. Kennedy, C. Eltam.

Donna Wilks—guard. Donna like June if given a chance would be an outstanding player with her belief in team work.

Jean Ferguson—guard. Ferg gets a great kick out of Tatham and Fizz and between laughs plays a fairly steady and hard game.

Pat Burgess—coach. Although she only sits on the bench at games she works harder than any of her teams on the floor and literally beats those on the bench to death.

Mascot—none. Maybe that's why we're so lucky???

Barbara Karges—manager. Barb would have been one of our star players if she hadn't tried to see how far her arm would bend without breaking. Better luck next year Barb.

Clara Eltom—forward. Although she is small and light, Clara is one of our fastest and smoothest players and would be one of our highest scorers if left on the floor long enough.

Jean Otto—forward. This is Jean's first year with W.O.S.S.A. and is still slightly nervous on the floor but by the end she should be one of the high scorers and best players.

Mary Roberts — forward. Mary like Clara is small but fast and seems to have no qualms whatsoever when on the floor. Her shots at the basket are usually bulls eyes.

June Kerr — guard. June, if given a chance to play would be one of the most valuable guards on the floor. She is fast and steady with lots of get up and go.

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Volley Ball

Round Robins were held in three classes:

Junior (Grade IX)

Intermediate (Grades X and XI)

Senior (Grade XII and XIII)

IXG carried off the Junior crown, XB the Intermediate and XIC the Senior.

Girls' Badminton

With the winter came Badminton and also strong W.O.S.S.A. teams.

Our girls' doubles team of Daphne Cross and Pat Brewster copped the W.O.S.S.A. championship in London on March 19th.

The smashing Woodstock team downed St. Thomas, Stratford, and shaded London Beale 15-4, 18-15 to take the championship.

Girls' Tennis

Last fall tennis came into the limelight when our girls' doubles team travelled to St. Thomas for W.O.S.S.A. competitions.

The Woodstock pair of Daphne Cross and Barbara Johnson brushed aside a strong Ridgeway team to reach the semi-finals.

In the semi-finals Woodstock was finally defeated by Brantford after a long, hectic battle.

This brought down the curtain on W.O.S.S.A. tennis for 1948.

Badminton Mixed Doubles

Woodstock went all out for W.O.S.S.A. championships but our Mixed Doubles team of Aveleigh Hepworth and Peter Ferguson were edged out by Stratford in a round robin series.

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Woodstock Collegiate Cadet Corps 1948

On May 15 the quiet Sunday morning air was filled with the sound of terse commands and militaristic movements. The Collegiate Cadet Corps were preparing for their parade to Knox Presbyterian Church. The parade fell in at 10:30 a.m. under the command of Lt. Col. Fergus Chambers.

Rev. George Douglas conducted the services which were broadcast over CKOX. On the return to the school for the dismissal, Col. Ubelacker took the salute at the city hall. The ideal weather conditions brought the cadets out in full strength and they put on a very good demonstration.

Within the week the annual cadet inspection was held despite poor weather. The corps almost 750 strong, paraded down the main street to be suddenly drenched by a cloud burst. Remaining in formation the boys were paraded to the armouries for their inspection and the girls taken back to the gymnasium.

Both sections of the Collegiate Cadets were inspected in close inconvenient quarters but received praise for their efforts. At the armouries the general salute was followed by the inspection of the various platoons, while the band, signal corps, medical corps, and physical training in the park was under the direction of Miss Burgess for the girls.

At the conclusion of the inspection the winners of the cadet awards were announced. In D.C.R.A. competition Jack Corbett was placed first and Ivan Palmer second. Jack Corbett also won the Strathcona award. The A. W. Cole prize for the most improvement on the range was won by Ed. Vance. The best platoon of cadets was announced to be the signal corps under Lieut. Charles Knechtel while the girls to win the prize were those of platoon 3 in D company under Lieut. Mary McCutchen.

The boys were under the able supervision of Capt. E. Berry assisted by Capt. Blair and Capt. Corrick. The corps was formed with the following offices.

Commanding Officer
Lt. Col. Fergus Chambers
Second in Command
Cadet Major J. Wing

Adjutant
Cadet Major D. Ayling
Battalion Sgt. Major
Cadet Reg. Sgt. Major E. Gloin

A Company

Off. Commanding - Cadet Major E. Baker
Second in Command Cadet Capt. Wm. West
C.S.M. - Cadet Sgt. Maj. G. Graybiel

No. 1 Platoon

Capt. Wm. West Sgt. Wm. Campbell

No. 2 Platoon

Lieut. G. Hindle Sgt. N. Nutt

Ambulance Corps

Lt. B. Cunningham Sgt. G. Douglas

No. 3 Platoon

Lt. C. Atkinson Sgt. H. Tisdale

Signal Corps

Capt. C. Knechtel Sgt. G. Mansell

B Company

Officer Commanding
Cadet Major Sid Squires
Second in Command
Cadet Captain C. Hartley
C.S.M.

Cadet Sgt. Major H. Greenly

No. 4 Platoon

Capt. C. Hartley Sgt. R. Beatty

No. 5 Platoon

Lt. W. Karn Sgt. R. Ingle

No. 6 Platoon

Lt. H. Scriver Sgt. J. Howe

No. 7 Platoon

Lt. E. Vance Sgt. R. Webster

Band

W.O.I. T. Kays Sgt. W. Bier

Colour Party

Sid Tatham Don Hart
Joe Thompson R. Brown
Don Murray

The excellent training shown by the girls of the collegiate while on parade was due to the efforts of Miss Burgess and Miss Cameron, a former Squadron Officer in the R.C.A.F.

Officers and N.C.O.'s of the girls Cadet Corps:

Commanding Officer
Major Doris Kitching
Adjutant-Lieutenant
Margaret Cliff
Regimental Sergeant Major
Sergeant Major Joyce Mallen

C Company

Captain - Emily Egan
Company Sgt. Major - Devona Paquette

No. 1 Platoon

Lt. Barbara Taylor Sgt. Marilyn Schell

No. 2 Platoon

Lt. Clara Eltom Sgt. Lois Cocker

No. 3 Platoon

Lt. Barbara Poole Sgt. Ruth Tucker

No. 4 Platoon

Lt. Yvonne Mackie Sgt. Elizabeth Woods

D Company

Captain - Helen Dewan
Company Sgt.-Major - Mary Roberts

No. 1 Platoon

Lt. Pat McLoughlin Sgt. Joanne Milburn

No. 2 Platoon

Lt. Elizabeth King Sgt. Barbara Johnston

No. 3 Platoon

Lt. Mary McCutchen Sgt. Marilyn Shantz

No. 4 Platoon

Lt. Mary Sutherland
Sgt. Aveleigh Hepworth

No. 5 Platoon

Lt. Joyce Ross Sgt. Norma Strickler

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BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Front Row: L. Craig, O. Culbert, B. McMillan, B. Soles, B. West, Mr. Young, T. Kays, J. Cornwath, F. Tabor, J. O'Bright, B. Bowman.

Back Row: B. Birch, B. Scott, B. Fluety, H. McDonald, J. Kookla, D. Hancock, K. Legacy, D. Coles, R. Moore, B. Hoycock, B. Howe, W. Barnett.

Boys' Sports

Boys' Athletic Society

Early in the term the following executive was elected for the Boys' Athletic Society.

Honourary President—Mr. Hodgins

President—Tom Kays

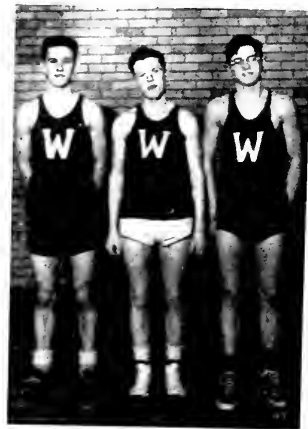
Vice-President—Bill West

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Young

Following this election a form representative was appointed in each form.

Field Day

With perfect weather and a large number of entries in all events, the annual field day proved to be a great success. In the senior group, Bob Bowman was champion with a perfect score, 25 points. Runner-up was Doug Philpott. In the intermediates, George Todd was on top with 20 points, followed by Don Nash. Junior champion was John Poole with 21 points while Jim Watson was next in line. Form 12C won the shield for the form with the most points.



FIELD DAY CHAMPS

R. Bowmon, G. Todd, J. Poole



W.C.I. JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. J. Young, J. Kopusta, Don Ogden, J. Davey, Keith McLeod, G. Douglas, Bob Hampson,
J. Lawrence, Grant Thompson, R. Collins.

Absent: Bob Scott.

Basketball

This was one of Woodstock's best seasons as far as basketball is concerned for quite some time. The Seniors finished the season tied for second place with Kitchener. They were the only team in the league who beat Stratford.

Interform Basketball

At about the half-way mark of the interform schedule, forms 12A and 12C are leading. As yet neither of these teams has been defeated.

In the intermediate forms, 10E is leading the pack with 6 points.

The grade nines come up with some exciting games. At the present time form 9F is leading with 10 points.

Junior W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

Although not in the limelight like the senior team, the Juniors are putting forth a good effort this season. They promise to produce some good talent for next year's senior team.

In the four games played so far, the juniors have tied Simcoe but have bowed out in defeat to stronger Stratford and St. Jerome's teams. In all four games, George Douglas has been the top junior scorer.

Senior W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

Simcoe 20—Woodstock 31

In the first half, Woodstock gained a lead of 16-4, but by full time this margin had been cut down to 31-20. Wladyka was banished to the showers after a minor disturbance. Top scorer was John Coles with 10 points.

Stratford 44—Woodstock 47

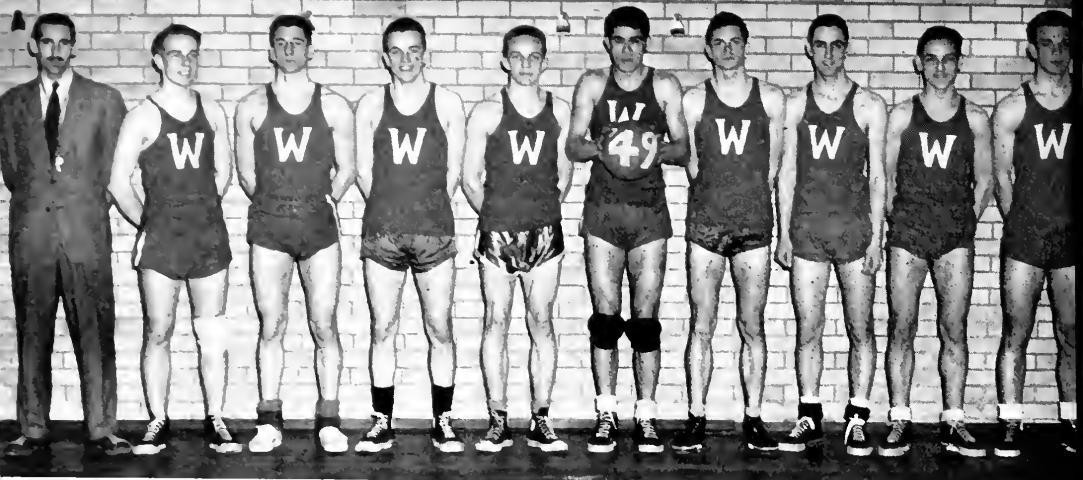
Never in the whole game did either team have a great lead. Both teams were constantly kept alert and everything was tied up with three minutes to go. Woodstock gained a three point margin and held it until the final whistle. Don Taylor led the scoring with 15 points.

Woodstock 20—Kitchener 31

Close checking was the most noticeable feature of the entire game. With two minutes to go, the score was tied at 20 all. Woodstock failed to score after this mark, while the yellow and green chalked up twelve counters, ten of them on foul shots. Top scorer for our team was Tom Kays with 13 points.

Kitchener 31—Woodstock 31

Woodstock led by a few points all through the game but some foul shots missed in the last quarter gave Kitchener the chance to hold the tie they had gained. Top scorer in the game was Tom Kays with 10 points.



W.C.I. SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. J. Young, B. Cunningham, J. Cathy, D. Symons, D. Taylor, T. Kays, J. Coles, H. McGillicuddy, R. Donos, E. Wladyka.

Absent: S. Squires.

Stratford 46—Woodstock 20

Out to revenge the defeat handed to them a week earlier, the Stratford Red and Green proved too strong for the local boys. They easily handled our boys to emerge as group champions. Top scorers for Woodstock were Coles and Symons with 5 points apiece.

Simcoe 29—Woodstock 39

Flashy, razzle-dazzle play was the outstanding feature of the entire game, as many difficult shots were sunk. Feeling entirely at home on their own floor, the local boys made easy work of the Simcoe boys. Top scorers were McGillicuddy and Taylor, each accounting for 9 points.

Interform Rugby

This year interform rugby gained special interest with the appearance of a team from Stratford C Special. These boys emerged as the victors of the senior group, beating Grade 13 by a score of 15-5. From then on they met little opposition in their march to victory.

Forms 10E and 10F were victors in the Grade 11 groups while 9E and 9F were on top in the first form group.

To A Basketball

O basketball, your dribbling days are through

There's nothing left but torn and worn out you.

Your skin is scuffed and scraped and battered

Your lace thrice broken, badly scattered.

Your million fans have cheered you on

But now your "play time" days are gone.

And there upon the shelf you lie

A relic to the younger fry.

Pat Rylance, 10C

W.O.S.S.A. Tennis

This year's tennis team composed of John Coles and Hugh McGillicuddy deserves great credit for the honour they brought to Woodstock by winning the W.O.S.S.A. Championship. They easily marched through all opposition and beat four different teams, never having to play more than two sets. The first victim was Preston whom they defeated 6-1, 6-1. Last year's finalists, Ridgetown, were easy prey and bowed out to the score of 6-0, 6-1. In the semi-finals, London South was easily defeated 6-0, 6-2, then London Central was met in the finals. Even there no great opposition was met and our boys came out victorious with a score of 6-0, 7-5.

W.O.S.S.A. Rugby **"The 1948 W.C.I. Red Devils"**

This is a short synopsis of each player on the 1948 Collegiate W.O.S.S.A. entry

Jim Douglas—"Chummy" was in every game with all his heart. One of the smaller fellows, he alternated between Flying Wing and Quarterback, being a blocker of extraordinary ability.

Eddie Wladyka—"Dyke" had tough luck this year, hurting his foot in the first game. In the later games, however, he showed it takes more than that to keep a good man down.

Doug Symons—"Soggy" was the cog on which the team ran and depended. Alternating between Fullback and Right Halfback, he was a fast, shifty triple-threat man, a good pass defender, and the squad's high scorer.

Jim Lefler—Dividing his time between Right Halfback and Left End, Jim played steady football all year. He was the team's best buckler, and a jolting tackler.

Doug Philpott—QB—From his quarterback slot, "Dink" was a spark plug, although briefly on the injured list. An ample kicker and a smart general, he directed the team on the field.

Howard Greenly—LE—After a year of seasoning on last year's Group Champions, Howie became a fine defensive man, a vicious, driving tackler and a fair pass-receiver.

Doug Hancock—LM—An old stand-by from last year's team, "Charlie" was a demon on the line, both offensively and defensively. A very valuable man to have around.

Jim Toohey—LI—Jimmy was a very fast man, exceptionally fast for a linesman. He was a constant threat to opposing passers and runners alike. Flourishes in the rough going.

Ken Clynick—Snap—"Clem" was the team's iron man. From his centre-secondary post he was a tower of strength. A ferocious tackler, he was in on about 75% of the tackles made. He was the backbone of the defense.

Ron Totten—RI—The only "rookie" on the first team. "Rugged Ron" played well on both offense and defense, being an adequate tackler and a superlative blocker.

John Pelletier—RM—The Beachville Terror, "Lardy" is an old hand at Rugby. The Captain of this year's crew, he showed the fine form that made him a feared man other years.

Bob Bowman—RE—Although one of the smallest members of the team, Bobby was the pass-catcher deluxe of the outfit, and despite his weight, a tackler "par excellence".

Dave Dewan—LH—"Dewey" is also a member of last year's team, and shows improvement every year.

Peter Poole—LH—A newcomer that showed some flashes of fine form. A line buckler of pretty fair ability.

George Todd—End—Big Things come in little packages.

Bcb Lefler—Middle—A brother of Jim, "Tub" shows great promise.

Jack Todd—Inside—Another Beachvillite, "Blackie" played a steady game.

Bruce Cunningham—Snap—"Creepier" crept over for a touchdown against Simcoe.

Byrnes Fleuty—A product of Embro, he played many positions on the line, all well.

George Douglas—Also filled in at more than one position. A very staunch performer.

Al Murray—Played well consistently at both end and Flying Wing.

Sid Squires—Played a good game at Right Half.

Claire Tomlinson—"Ding" was one of the best punters on the team.

Bob Dancos—Didn't see much action, due to a "Gimpy" leg at the season's start, however, later he showed he has what it takes.

Jack Axelrod—A steady line performer.

Hugh McGillicuddy—In there fighting all the time.

Bob Geoghegan, Don Cole, Bob Blair and Tom Ballantyne rendered invaluable aid to Mr. Young in keeping the squad's equipment, and applying many much-needed rub-downs.

Mr. Young—"Poppa" did a great job with this year's team, after losing thirteen of last year's Group Champions.

"Babe" Woods, Mary Roberts, Clara Elton and Nancy Fleischer -- made the games very exciting with their, uh-er, ah, antics, and cheer-leading.

The Students—Were unanimous in their support of the team, win or lose.



W.C.I. RUGBY TEAM

R. Blair, J. Axelrod, C. Tomlinson, D. Taylor, R. Lefler, G. Todd, R. Bowman, R. Danos, J. Douglas, J. Todd, B. Cunningham, G. Douglas, P. Poole, J. Lefler, D. Hancock, J. Toohey.

ST. JEROMES AT WOODSTOCK

Friday, October 1, 1948

For the opening game of the season W.C.I.'s Rugby team didn't look too bad, although they lost 14-5. St. Denis sparked the Kitchener team with his outstanding passing. For our ever-trying red and white boys the line was good but touchdown plays just would not work. Three times we were within thirty yards of the opponents goal line but our team would not go over. Symons went over for five points after sensationally intercepting one of St. Denis's forward passes, and running 57 yards for Woodstock's only score. It was only in the last half that our gridiron really got hot.



CHEER LEADERS

C. Eltom, M. Roberts, N. Fleischer, E. Woods

RED DEVILS TROUNCE SIMCOE

Wednesday, October 6, 1948

Philpott and Bowman Big Guns of 18-0 Victory

Yes it's true we did come through with a much better performance than a week ago. Again the line for W.C.I. can claim credit in the way they milled through that of Simcoe. The red and white is partially redeemed.

Philpott kicked a single point in the first quarter. In the second quarter a beautiful pass by Philpott to Bowman gave us our first major score when Bowman went over for a touchdown which completely fooled the Simcoe blue and whites. The so-called second line for the red and white afforded this touchdown to be made, while the first boys were taking a rest which they well deserved. Symons drop kicked the first convert of the game.

To complete the score Symons intercepted a pass and ran nimbly across the Simcoe goal line for the final touchdown of the game. Our pass defence was noticeably improved with a few of our new and rather green boys in the spotlight so to speak. The last convert attempt failed.

Woodstock at Stratford

A muddy field failed to stop the Woodstock squad in their first encounter with Stratford. Right from the first whistle the locals were the better team, with their first major coming in less than two minutes. Led by Doug Symons and rookie Pete Poole, the Red Devils found no trouble in beating their age-long rivals to the tune of 19-9.



K. Clynick, D. Philpott, J. Pelletier, H. Greenly, A. Murray, H. McGillicuddy, S. Squires, D. Dewon, B. Fleuty, R. Totten, E. Wlodyko, T. Kays, J. Skinner, R. Geoghegan, D. Cole, T. Ballantyne, Mr. J. Young, Mr. E. P. Hadgins.

Inset: D. Symons

Stratford at Woodstock 17-15

Wednesday, October 20, 1948

RED DEVILS EDGE OUT STRATFORD Symons Leads Win

In the first game with the Classic City, red and green, Doug Symons was the most outstanding fellow on the whole field. He intercepted his usual pass but was unable to go over for a touchdown on that play. Philpott was held out of the game most of the time due to a bad toe and had to undergo a minor operation next day. This was the most fumbly game of the season with ten serious fumbles by our own W.C.I. gridgers.

In the first half Doug Symons passed for a major, scored another and booted a convert. For his major score Symons elected to kick a field-goal, the kick was blocked so he scooped up the ball and went over for five points. His pass to Bowman over the goal line gave we local yocals another touchdown. His convert was made good by a glance off a Stratford players hand over the cross-bar.

Stratford got a touchdown and a field goal making the score 11-9. Jim Lefler charged over for a five pointer shortly after this. The convert was made by Symons. From fake kick formation Symons unable to see a receiver for the ball ran around the end for a point.

A major penalty came through with two more touchdowns but were unable to catch the Woodstock red and white.

Simcoe at Woodstock

For the second time in the season, Woodstock held the blue and white boys to a scoreless game, this time to the tune of 15-0. The Red Devils were in control of the play all through the game and had a good chance to try some of their trick plays. One of these trick plays paid off late in the game when Bruce Cunningham went over for a major.

Woodstock at St. Jerome's

For the first time in the history of W.O.S.S.A. rugby, Woodstock failed to win the group title. The boys from St. Jerome's proved too tough for the locals and carried home top honours by virtue of a 15-1 victory. The locals put up a hard fight and had it not been for some tight defensive play, the score would have been even more one-sided. This game ended the season for Woodstock, but perhaps next season will see our boys again hit winning ways. Good luck fellows!

. . .

With many new rookies in the line-up, the team showed some great prospects for next season. Even if they didn't win the group title, the boys worked hard and never gave up hope. One feature worthy of note this year was the wearing of white sweaters. This is a pleasant change from the traditional red and white and added a new note to the team.

Boys' Badminton

At the March 19th W.O.S.S.A. badminton tournament in London, our boys' doubles team of Howard Ransome and Don Murray walked off with the laurels.

Our team reached the finals by turning back strong Stratford and St. Thomas teams and in the finals Woodstock stopped Riverside Collegiate 15-0, 15-8 to bring back to our city the W.O.S.S.A. Trophy.

* * *

"FLASH" COLLEGIATE SENIORS COP
WOODSTOCK CHAMPIONSHIP BY
TROUTING Y-SENIORS 52-27. (That's 2
years in a row boys).

Boys' Jr. W.O.S.S.A. Hockey

This year Woodstock was represented in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. competitions for the first time in several years. Our squad had a one and two average, losing to London Seniors 4-0, to Stratford 8-0, but at last jolting London Juniors 7-0 in the Forest City.

A great deal of credit must be given to Mr. L. Cordick for his coaching work and to the following players: D. Ogden—Goal; L. Thompson, R. Totten, P. Ferguson, H. Wood, G. Douglas, R. Wells, M. Carter, T. Yeoman, B. Howe, C. Bidwell, R. Gorrie, G. Stirling, H. Stirling, and C. Kenney.

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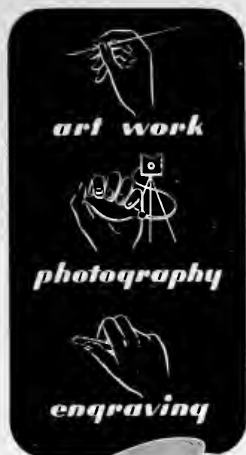
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Cornell University—Emily Egan

O.A.C.—Donald Hart, Gordon Philpott

University of Toledo—Joseph Lipovitch

University of Detroit—William Markle

Ontario Veterinary College—Gerald McKay

Assumption College—John Wing

Stratford Normal—Joyce Campbell, Carmeen Seymour

London Normal—Mary Lancaster, Patricia McLoughlin, Ruth Scott

Ryerson School of Technology, Toronto — Marco Gasparatto

Brantford Collegiate Institute—Charles Heaslip

Trinity College Schools—Robert McPherson

Beale Technical School, London—Donald G. Ross

Woodstock Business College—Ray Walker

Mimico High School—Elizabeth Dow

NURSES IN TRAINING—

Woodstock General Hospital—Vera Aspden, Isobel Barker, Joan Cruikshank, Ruby Dafoe, Elizabeth Gordon, Helen Rockett, Ruby Scott.

Brantford General Hospital—Daphne Hill

Toronto General Hospital—Mary Sutherland

Victoria Hospital, London — Marion Bond, Grace Karn

St. Joseph's Hospital, London—Dorothy Lennox, Patricia Poole

Hamilton General Hospital—Ruth Matheson, Elizabeth Thompson

At Home—Blanche Duncan, Willard King, Barbara Poole, Mary Schell, Monte Schooley, Bill Smith

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Joyce Mallen Mallen Refrigeration
Marion McAlpine Canada Permanent
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Harold Potter Royal Bank of Canada
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Robert Rowe Massey-Harris Co., Ltd.
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Kenneth Winlaw Hay and Co., Ltd.
Norman Yohn Schell Industries Ltd.
Helen Cassady Whitelaw Machinery Co.
Shirley Longworth Public Utilities

Exchange

In the Exchange department we have received magazines from eight collegiates. We appreciate the courtesy of these schools, we enjoy and are stimulated by the reports of their activities and we hope that they will find something of interest in the "Oracle".

Here is a selection from the Literary department of the "Grumbler".

DE PROBLEM AM SOLVED

When Ah was jes a li niggah
 Long befo ah learned tuh figgah
 Belo Ah even seed a school
 Ah used tuh rib jes' like a fool.
 Ah used tuh love tuh fool mah mammy,
 Used tuh be her Fibbon Sammy
 Ah always missed de bigges fishes
 N was too sick tuh wipe de dishes.
 But den it was on one fine mawnin'
 Mah Mammy gave tuh me dis wainn.
 If you all ribs like oddah chillun,
 Yo'll grow tuh be a reglah villain."
 Tuh be a villain would be awful
 N so since den mah mou's been lawful;
 But now in school Ah still keeps yearnin',
 To do some libbin' not booklearnin'.
 So now Ah knows where Ah is at,
 Ah plans tuh be a diplomat,
 N then Ah'll have tuh make ma libbin',
 Fibbon.

David Bricker, XHIA
 "GRUMBLER"

From the "Ad Astra Annual", Sarnia, we have culled the following items of knowledge from a section called Daffynitions:

A polygon is a dead parrot.

Rhubarb is a kind of celery gone bloodshot.

A refugee keeps order at a football game.

To germinate is to become a naturalized German.

An thoe is an American tramp.

A mountain range is a cooking stove used at high altitudes.

Could it be that these are genuine boners from Sarnia examination papers?

The Brantford "Hello" reports the activities of several interesting clubs.

The Current History Club meets every Monday to propound, resound, and con-

found for an hour or more their theories on various debatable topics of national and international import."

The Library Club undertakes a series of talks on books, and advertises new books by means of reviews posted on the bulletin board.

These are interesting suggestions for other collegiates.

Year books received were:

"Grumbler"—Kitchener Waterloo C. I.

"The Times"—Kingston C. I.

"Hello"—Brantford C. I.

"Ad Astra Annual"—Sarnia C. I.

"The Kencoll"—Kennedy C. I., Windsor

"Lux Glebana"—Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa

"Volt"—Ingersoll C. I.

"Ambassador"—Assumption College, Windsor

"Argus"—Sault Ste. Marie, C. I.

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Good Luck!

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Blossom Tunks, Principal

Autographs

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Marilyn S: Say, Bonnie was that a very bad accident?

Barbara K: Not too bad, he was knocked speechless, and my bike was knocked spokeless.

* * *

Carolyn: Why do ducks fly north in the spring?

Barbara: I suppose because it's too far for them to walk.

* * *

Proud Mother: "I told you our Alf would get on in the Army. They've made him a Court Martial."

* * *

Little Dink Philpott had arrived home from school with a cut lip and a black eye. "Dear me!" exclaimed his mother. "Do you mean to say you've walked through the streets like that?" "I had to, mum," grinned Doug. "You see, there wasn't room for two of us in the ambulance."

Employer: "How long did you work at your last position?"

Applicant for job: "Eighteen years, sir."

Employer: "Why did you quit?"

Applicant: "I didn't quit. I was paroled."

* * *

"He was getting along fine in the hospital when he got an awful bruise."

"What happened?"

"He took a turn for the nurse."

* * *

Don A: "My uncle broke his leg last week."

Dave M: "How did it happen?"

Don A: "He is a window washer and he was working on the fifth floor when he stepped back to admire his work."

* * *

Very often we think that if we were in the other fellow's shoes we would shine them.

KING'S

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When twilight's long forbidding arms,
Toward the woodlands creep,
Dark shadows o'er the heavens prevail,
And through the branches seep.
The night descends upon the woods,
And lighting the heavens high,
Is a light that's like a torch so bright,
Ascending in the sky.
The moon beams forth her rays of light,
To silhouette the land,
A scene like this was surely created,
By God's almighty hand.

Bill Kerr, 9E

Intern: "Are you married?"

Patient: "No, I've only been run over."

"You told me how good you were when I hired you two weeks ago," said a foreman to Joe McKeown. "Now tell me all over again. I'm getting discouraged."

"Mother," cried Marilyn S as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Roy wants the Listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks its got halitosis."

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Said the city girl to the cowboy at the dude ranch: "None of your tricks now! I've never been on a horse before, so I want a horse that's never been ridden before."

. . .

Charles was showing off his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he had acquired the exhibits.

"See that elephant?" he said. "I shot it in my pyjamas."

"My goodness," murmured Mary Jane, "how did it get there?"

When the Flood was over, and Noah had freed the animals, he returned to the Ark to make sure that all had left. He found two snakes in a corner, crying. They told him their sorrows: "You told us 'To go forth and multiply the earth,' and we are adders."

. . .

It's a good idea when arguing with a fool to make sure he is not doing the same thing.

. . .

Here's a saying I can readily verify—
Laugh and the class laughs with you.
Go to the office and you go alone!

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Woodstock, Ont.

Babe Woods approached the floor-walker and asked: "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

And the floor-walker replied: "Yes, madam, but we must suppress them during business hours."

. . .

For Sale: Large crystal vase by lady slightly cracked.

For Sale: A full blooded cow, giving three gallons of milk, 2 tons of hay a lot of chickens and a cookstove.

. . .

John met Barbara in a revolving door, and they started going around together.

. . .

Daphne Cross visited a fortune teller. Taking one look at her hand he began to smile and then to laugh. Quickly Daphne got up and struck him. He asked, "Why did you do that?" and Daphne replied, "I'm sorry, but my mother told me to strike a happy medium."

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Babe Woods: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

Barbara Perry: "No, what good is it?"

* * *

Wilma had invited Ken for a ride on the back of his new motorcycle. After they had gone a few miles, Wilma asked, "How he liked it."

"All right," said Ken, "but the wind is catching my chest."

So Wilma stopped. "Take your overcoat off, Ken, and put it on back to front; that will protect your chest a bit, and I'll button it up at the back."

They restarted, and after a while Wilma asked Ken if he was warmer. No reply. Ken wasn't there. Wilma turned the machine around and went back until he saw a crowd, and there was Ken lying motionless.

Anxiously Wilma asked one of the crowd, "How is he?"

"I can't make it out," said the by-stander. "He ain't spoke since we twisted his head the right way round."

The Young Women's Christian Association

The Young Women's Christian Association covers a wide field. Its objectives include the provision of means for health, fun, development of initiative, self expression, friendliness and the ability to participate in group activities. Members are always encouraged to develop their initiative in working out their own plans through group thinking and action.

KEITH'S

The Students'
DRUG STORE

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Collegiate

Phone 169

Mrs. Brewster: "It shakes my faith in human nature to deal with dishonest people. Here the washwoman has taken two of my best towels!"

Pat: "Which ones were they?"

Mrs.: "The one marked Y.W.C.A. and the one marked Royal York."

* * *

Barbara E: "My brother swallowed a box of firecrackers."

Lenore C: "Is he all right now?"

Barbara E: "I don't know. I haven't heard the last report yet."

Two Of A Kind

An air blasé
A careless walk
A lot of jokes
A lot of talk
A dancing fiend
A face divine
If she's not yours
Then boy! she's mine
Talks all the time
Thinks she's just it
'Course all the boys
Don't mind a bit
Cokes now and then
Some sundaes too
And when she does
"With all the goo"
Long "New-Look" skirts
Short hair a-curl
Her marks aren't bad
THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

An air blasé
A careless walk
A lot of jokes
A lot of talk
A dancing fiend
An athlete fine
If he's not yours
Then boy! he's mine
Talks all the time
Thinks he's just it
'Course all the girls
Don't mind a bit
Cokes now and then
Some sundaes too
And when he does
"With all the goo"
Bright new, draped pants
His crease a joy
His marks aren't good
THE HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

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CAPITOL



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THEATRE



CAPITOL

LAMENT OF A FIFTH FORMER

When God gave out brains,
I thought He said trains,
I missed mine.
When God gave out looks,
I thought He said books,
I didn't want any.
When God gave out legs,
I thought He said kegs,
I took two big round ones.
When God gave out ears,
I thought He said beers,
I took two long ones.
When God gave out noses,
I thought He said roses,
I took a great big red one.
When God gave out chins,
I thought He said gins,
I ordered a double one.
HECK, I'M A MESS.

* * *

John Carr-Harris looking dejectedly at a dish before him in a restaurant: "Waiter, what is this stuff?"

Waiter: "It's bean soup."

John: "I don't care what it has been, I want to know what it is now."

* * *

The young use a little makeup,
The old use more,
And before the Al Jolson show they just dip him in shellac
And poke a hole for his mouth.

* * *

M. Hancock: "You haven't any brains!"

H. Davis: "No brains? Why I've got brains that haven't even been used!"

* * *

Customer: "One mouse trap please, in a hurry—I have to catch a bus."

Clerk: "Sorry, sir, our traps don't come that big."

* * *

"Haven't I seen your face somewhere before?"

"Nope it's always been where it is now."

* * *

"This crime was the work of a master criminal," said the prosecutor, "and was carried out in a skillfull, clever manner."

Blushing, the crook rose to his feet.

"Flattery won't get you nowhere," he said. "I ain't gonna confess."



*"Measures high
with the Young Crowd!"*

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED
WOODSTOCK ONTARIO

Monk: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Skinner: "That requires technique. First, you put your arm around her waist. Then you gently take her hands and——"

Monk: "She's my sister."

Skinner: "Oh! Then you push her off the dock."

* * *

"Helen," said Mrs. Davis, making final arrangements for a big party. "I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they enter."

"Thank you, mother" said Helen. "I've been wanting to do that for years."

* * *

Mr. Hodgins: "Well, my little man, what is your name?"

First Boy: "Jule, Sir".

Mr. Hodgins: "You should say Julius."

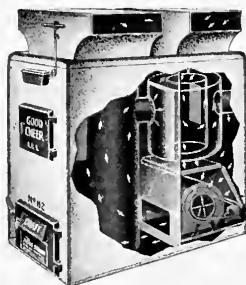
Then turning to another boy: "Well, my little fellow and what is your name?"

Second Boy: "Billious, Sir?"

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Pat Murdock
Eleanor Romp
Helen Davis
Marilyn Hancock
Marion Ross
Phyllis Kennedy
Dorothy Garbutt
Jean McCall
Evelyn Gracey
Jean Manzer
Alva Rudy
Dave Crittenden
Raw Curtis
Ken Doig

Tom Kays
Jack Skinner
Mac Ross
Stan Wilson
Willard Karn
Joe Matika

Stenographer in the Beachville Radio Station: "URP".
Still having Birthday Parties in the Business Machine Room.
I'm sorry Bob; I can't go out to-night.
Scrubbing Floors in the Typewriter Room.
Still taking out Ken.
Working for Bill at the S.R.
Night watchgirl at Petrik's
Bookkeeper at her local General Store.
Wondering why her typewriter won't work because there is no ribbon.
Office girl at Millward's.
Cutting hair in her father's Barber Shop.
Catching up on her stenography.
Driving a fire truck for her father.
Court clerk at Hickson.
Still trying to convince his mother that he doesn't need his stenography.
Assisting the human cork (230 lbs.)
Learning to stand on his two feet and part time bookkeeper at Joe's
Lunch.
Is this right Miss Bray?
Star Defenceman for the Juvenile Hockey Team.
Getting back his six dollars a month, he paid while attending the W.C.I.
Stenography teacher at the Sweaburg High School.
Playing bass fiddle for Alf Snifflepuss and his four shades of brown.
Still convincing his mother that all the rugby games are at Southside
Park.

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Phone 255

Hugh McGillicuddy. I've changed my mind.

John Coles: Good, I hope this one works.

. . .

Mr. Runnalls: "Name five items that contain milk."

Ivan Palmer: "Butter, cheese, ice cream --and two cows."

. . .

Congratulations to Mr. Oliver and the Vocational Guidance programme. It's really an asset to the school.

Coles: "Everytime I kiss you, it makes me a better man."

Barb: "Well you don't have to try to become an angel in one night."

My bonnie leaned over the gas tank
The height of its contents to see.
I lighted a match to assist her.
O' bring back my bonnie to me.

D. Garbitt: "Don't you think my new dress is a perfect fit."

J. Manzer: "Fit,—it's a convulsion."

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PHONE 3

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Best For the Least**

Miss Dunlop's comment upon seeing a large balloon. "Well, I guess that took all the air out of somebody."

Cheer up the other fellow. Keep your troubles to yourself. No one like a complainer.

Spend a little less than you have earned.

Make friends, but remember the best of friends wear out if you USE them.

It's no disgrace to die poor, but it's a dirty trick on the relatives.

I. Roberts: Gracious! What's the reason for that roller going over the potato field?

J. Latiner: Raising them mashed this year ma'am!

C. Eltom: (waking after an operation): "Doctor, why are all the blinds drawn?"

Doctor: "Well, there's a big fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

What's making that awful racket? Grandma ain't used to her new teeth yet, and she's bustin' up all the saucers drinking her tea.

Cunningham: "My you look fine today."

Gaynor: "I wish I could say the same thing to you."

Cunningham: "You could if you were as careless with the truth as I am."

C. Linnell: I spent ten hours over my history book last night.

Mr. Hiltz: Ten hours?

C. Linnell: Yes, I left it under my pillow when I went to sleep.

Bert says: "A kiss is a noun, after used as a conjunction, it is never declined, it is more common than proper and it is used in the plural and agrees with all genders.

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F L O W E R S

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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PHONE 46 HEAD OF LIGHT ST.

Glynn W: "Do you use tooth powder?"
Dick T: "Naw! I don't believe in cosmetics for men."

* * *

D. Crittenden: "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street-car the other day."

J. Skinner: "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

* * *

The ward was full of ailing men,

The air was full of groaning,

The doctor entered full of fun;

"Good moaning, men, good moaning."

* * *

The teacher asked Johnny, "Is the world round?"

"No'm," was the short reply.

"It isn't!" exclaimed the teacher. "Well, then, Johnny, is it flat?"

"No'm," was Johnny's reply again.

"Well," said the teacher with a smile, "The world isn't round, and it isn't flat; then what is it?"

Johnny looked confident as he replied, "Well says it's crooked!"

I've never seen a vitamin.
I never hope to seen one.
But this I'll tell you anyhow,
I'd rather C than B-1.

* * *

Jim: "What a hat!"

Joanne: "I paid \$25 for this hat."

Jim: "Golly, you could have gotten a new one for that much."

* * *

Judge: What's your name?"

Defendant: "Spark Plug."

Judge: "Your Occupation?"

Defendant: "Electrician."

Judge: "What are you charged with?"

Defendant: "Battery."

Judge: "Put him in a dry cell."

* * *

Teacher, to complaining parent: "How strange it is that some parents never see faults in their own children."

Fond Mother: "Yes, isn't it. I'm sure I would be the first to recognize faults in my children, if they had any."

THE MODERN WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

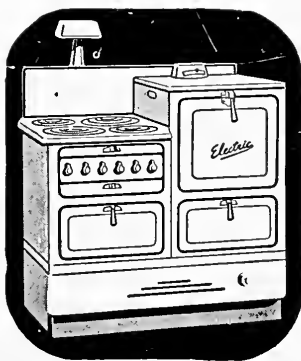
Throughout the Home



PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION

WOODSTOCK

ONTARIO



COMPLIMENTS OF

Kirsch Manufacturing Company of Canada Limited

A driver with a television set in his car saw the same face on his television screen for 1½ hours. He stopped and found that it was a pedestrian stuck to his windshield.

* * *

Little girls choose dolls for toys,
While soldiers are the choice of boys;
But when they're grown up you will find
That each has had a change of mind.
The girls prefer the soldiers then,
And baby dolls attract the men.

* * *

Teacher (having size in mind): "What's the difference between an elephant and a flea?"

Tommy: "Well for one thing, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

* * *

They laughed when I came in with tights on, but when I sat down, they split.

"Mommie," said Olin Culbert, "Is it right to say that you water a horse when it's thirsty?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well, then," said Olin, "I'm going to milk the cat."

* * *

"Answer me, Clara," he said in a moment of passion. "I can bear this suspense no longer."

"Answer him, Clara," echoed the old man in the hall, thinking of the gas and coal bills, "I can bear this expense no longer."

* * *

It was in a stately English club. The members always talked in a whisper and never turned their heads. This custom was broken the other day when an English Lord called to the butler in a normal tone. "Please remove Plushbottom, he's been dead three days."

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D. Howe after an absence of two days, arrived back at school.

"Didn't your mother write a note?" asked Mr. Cordick.

"Yes sir, but I forgot to bring it," replied D. Howe.

"Well, young man," went on Mr. Cordick, "why were you away?"

D. Howe: "I don't know, I didn't read the note."

* * *

1st Flea. Been on hike?

2nd Flea: No, on a tramp.

A coloured boy was strolling through a cemetery, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read: "Not dead, but sleeping." Scratching his head, the negro remarked: "He sure ain't fooling nobody but himself."

Judge, to convicted criminal: Have you anything to say before I sentence you to be hanged?

Criminal: "No, your Honour, except that I promise you—I'll never break the law again."

Food - Rite Restaurant

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Ice Cream

Lunches

Dinners

Ralph Wells: How do you get on with the boss Gerald?

Gerald Bender: He's about the meanest man I know.

Ralph: How's that?

Gerald: He's had the legs sawn off the wheelbarrow so that I can't sit down and rest.

Miss McCorquodale: "What is a comet?"

D. Schell: "A star with a tail."

Miss McCorquodale: "Very good. Name one."

D. Schell: "Mickey Mouse."

"Why are you and Mabel taking French lessons—at your age?"

"Oh, didn't you know? We've adopted a little French war baby. He's beginning to talk, and we can't understand him."

"Mister, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I bought here last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the automobile is replacing the horse everywhere."

A pretty airline hostess buzzed among the passengers as the plane taxied toward the runway. "Fasten your safety belts, please", she chirped.

The passengers snapped to, all except one portly old gentleman.

Thinking the man was deaf, she spoke directly to him: "Fasten your safety belt, please, sir."

"Why little lady!" he gasped, shocked. "Why (gulp) I don't have to, I wear suspenders."

* * *

"William, I used to have a luxuriant beard like your's but when I looked at myself in the mirror, I decided to shave it off."

Quick as a flash, William retorted:

"Sir, I once had a face like yours but when I looked at myself in the mirror, I decided to grow a beard."

* * *

A telephone call to the parsonage in the middle of the night. Minister answering: "What's that! The church burned down! Holy Smokes!"

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A young man at college sent his laundry home, and when his mother opened it she nearly wept—his handkerchiefs were all tinged with lipstick.

"Oh, Mother, be sensible," her daughter commiserated; "you couldn't expect him to go forever without having a girl."

"I know," fretted the mother, "but look, there's a different colour on every handkerchief."

* * *

Uncle Joe was discussing the death of his cousin.

"Watt wuz de complaint?" asked a listener.

"Complaint!" retorted Uncle Joe, "Ah didn't heah no complaints. Evehbody ah talked to wuz satisfied."

* * *

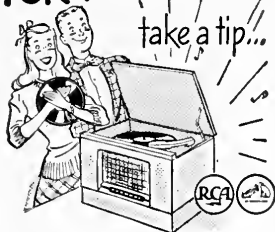
Hughie: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Daphne: "No. I don't think anyone ever did."

Hughie: "Then, I would like to know where you got the idea."

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1853

GRAFTON'S

Established
1853

Miss Currey was drilling the principles of arithmetic into her youthful pupils.

"Now, listen!" she said:

"In order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. This is what I mean. Now you couldn't take three apples from four peaches, nor three peaches from four apples, and so on. Do you understand?"

The majority seemed to grasp the idea. But one, Walter Schell, in the rear raised a timid hand.

"Please, ma'am," he inquired, "couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

A man answering an ad for a chauffeur's job was being examined by the car owner. He was asked if he had travelled much in the other States.

"Yes, sir," replied the prospective chauffeur.

"All right," said the car owner, handing him a map, "Let's see you open it."

Joan Leslie walked into a grocery store and asked for a dozen eggs. "And they must be strictly fresh," she added.

"Hey, Bill!" shouted the grocer to his assistant in the back room, "feel those eggs and see if they're cool enough to sell yet."

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Devona Paquette: "Will you try some of my angel cake."

Jack Davis: "No thanks."

Devona: "Are you afraid it isn't good enough?"

Jack: "No, I'm afraid that I'm not good enough."

Devona: "Good enough for what?"

Jack: "Good enough to become an angel."

June: I was flirting with a man last night.

John: What did you do?

June: I dropped my handkerchief and nothing happened so I dropped my gloves, my hat, then my purse.

John: Then what happened?

June: The man just came over and said lady you better get some scotch tape you're falling apart.

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LARGE SIZE DRAIN TILE — McCRACKEN PIPE
LARGE SIZE DRAIN PIPE

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Heath's

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Mr. Blair entered the village barber's shop, sat down in a chair and asked for a haircut.

"Certainly, Sir," said the barber. "Would you mind taking off your hat?"

Mr. Blair hurriedly complied.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but I didn't know that ladies were present."

* * *

Marriage is like a cafeteria—pick out something goodlooking and pay later.

ALWAYS SMART SHOES

AT

Maher Shoe Stores



Cor. Riddell and Dundas Phone 736

Ken Keasey: "Pardon me, does this car stop at Tenth Street?"

Bill Moyer: "Yes. Watch me and get off one station before I do."

Ken Keasey: "Thank You."

* * *

Neighbour to little boy: "My, where did you get that nice red hair?"

Don Nash: "Oh, my mother washed it and forgot to dry it and it rusted."

* * *

A famous soprano was about to begin her solo. First, she said, "I will apologize for having a cold." She began, I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-ee-ee. I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-ee-ee. Each time her voice cracked on the high note. Then Sid Squires from the balcony said, "Try hanging it on a lilac bush."

* * *

Mr. Turner: "Who can tell me what Agriculture is?"

James: "Well, it's just about the same as farming, only in farming you really do it."

* * *

"Where's your pencil Glenn?"

"Ain't got one, Mr. Hiltz."

How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, they haven't got one—"

"Well, where are all the pencils?"

* * *

Isabelle M: I wonder if you would be so kind as to weigh this package for me?

Butcher Bob: Certainly, three and a quarter pounds.

Isabelle: Thank you, it contains the bones you sent me in that four pound roast yesterday.

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PHONE 4

An oak leaf fell upon my foot,
To walk, I wasn't able;
T'was solid oak, I'll say it was,
From our extension table.

* * *

Customer: "Give me a pound of those grapes. My husband is very fond of them. Do you know if they have been sprayed with poison?"

Clerk: No ma'am, you'll have to get that at the drug store."

12B Intelligence Test

Mr. Bailey: "If it takes a chicken and a half, a day and a half to lay an egg and a half, how long will it take a monkey with a wooden leg to kick all the seeds out of a dill pickle?"

Lib Tatham: "3 quarts of milk?"

Ed Wladyka: (our athletic, geometry student). The square on the chord of half the arc of a hook-shot?

Eliz Row: "Is that an antithesis or a metaphor sir?"

John Cathy: (our chemist) "H2Z PR plus 50 C

Diane Thompson: "If A equals 5 and C equals A the seeds are reciprocal."

Doug Symons: (waving hands furiously). May I leave the room?

Barb Brooks: "Was the leg iron-wood or pine?"

Bill Taylor: "Dividing by 6 7 '8 one would still have to know the age of the monkey."

Roy Beatty: (On third pencil and second sheet of foolscap). Taylor has a good point there, also how many seeds are there in a dill pickle? Would a monkey kick the seeds out and if so where would you get one with a wooden leg?"

Ruth Bowyer: "I'll ask Tom, he takes shorthand."

* * *

The sofa sagged in the centre,
The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,
The parlour lights were low.
There came a sound from the sofa,
As the clock was striking two,
And the Co-ed slammed her textbook,
With a thankful, "Well, I'm through!"

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570 Ingersoll Avenue

Phone 5

Tom Kays had just ordered a ham sandwich at the G. R. Peering between the pieces of bread, he remarked, "You sliced the ham?"

"Yes, I sliced the ham," was the reply.

"Well, you darn near missed it," was the answer. . . .

"Norma," said her father from the head of the stairs, "is that boy friend of yours an auctioneer?"

"No father, Why?"

"Because he keeps on saying he's going-going but he hasn't gone yet."

J. Madill: This marble cake is marvelous, want to taste it?

C. Crawford: No I'll take it for granite.

. . .

"I'll give you five dollars if you'll let me paint you," said the artist to Jim Facey, who stood shifting his legs from one position to the other and back again.

"It's easy money," said the artist.

"Thar hain't no question 'bout that," Facey replied. "I was jes' a-wonderin' how I'd git the paint off afterwards."

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Wm. J. Ratz & Son

Custom Tailoring & Men's Wear

442 DUNDAS ST.—WOODSTOCK

"I'm sorry, madam," said Laurie Branch at the movie, "but you can't take the dog into the theatre."

"How absurd," protested Lois Cocker. "What harm can pictures do a little dog like this?"

* * *

Mr. Froud (while teaching a science lesson): "If anything should go wrong in the next experiment, we, and the classroom with us, may be blown sky high. Step up closer pupils, so that you may better follow me."

* * *

Gerry Ransom: Say dad, I can't get these Math problems. Teacher said something about finding the greatest common divisor.

Mr. Ransom: Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? They were looking for it when I was a kid.

* * *

Mr. Berry: Frank, it gives me great pleasure to give you 80 in Mathematics.

Frank T: Aw gee, why don't you make it a 100 and really enjoy yourself?

●

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PHONE 159

Peter F: Do you know what "spunk" means?

James C: Sure, after my father spanks me, I'm "spunk". . . .

Wife: "Is everything shut up for the night?"

Husband: "Everything else is, dear."

Mr. Bailey (In composition): "Take this sentence, "The cow went into the pasture. Norma, what mood?"

Norma Strickler: "The cow did."

"Did anyone in your family ever make a brilliant marriage?"

"Only my wife." . . .

"You know, my dear," he observed, looking up from his book, "when one reads of the stupendous happenings in Nature one realizes how lowly and insignificant is man."

"A woman doesn't have to read books to learn that!" replied his wife.

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Wood Mosaic Ltd.
●

Scene: Grafton's Store

Time: Saturday

What Has Happened: Jay Miller has seen some spots on Bruce Cunningham's suit.

Miller's Comment: "Say Bruce your suit hasn't missed a meal in days."

* * *

"People are funny," said Mr. Bailey. "Tell a man there are 23,567,897,356 stars in the universe and he'll believe you. If a sign says 'Fresh Paint', that same man'll make a personal investigation."

* * *

Bubbles Julian: "I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."

Phearless Doig: "That's the way I feel about pigeons."

* * *

Policeman (after a collision): "You saw this lady driving toward you. Why didn't you give her half the road?"

Motorist: "I couldn't tell which half she wanted."

A. W. Cole

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Miss Kellerman: What is an operetta?
A. Dawber: Oh that's a girl who works
for the telephone company.

. . .

Teacher: "Frank, what is a cannibal?"
Frank: Don't know ma'am."
Teacher: "Well, if you ate your father
and mother, what would you be?"
Frank: "An orphan, ma'am."

. . .

Mother: "What have you been doing
at school today, dear?"

Gordon: "I blew down a boy's ear
and made him scream and he got the cane."
"Didn't you say it was your fault,
dear?"

"Oh, no, mummie; we're not allowed to
tell tales."

. . .

Harry: "That chicken I just ate was
hatched in an incubator all right."

"How could you tell, sir?"

Harry: "No chicken that ever knew a
mother's love could grow up to be as tough
as that."

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

A woman called up the editor of the local paper. "You know," she said, "we've subscribed to your paper for 40 years and I thought you might want to print a story about my husband. He's a wonderful man, doesn't smoke or drink, has always been a model citizen in every way. He's never used strong language and he's never once stepped inside a theatre or a movie house. In fact, he has no vices or bad habits. And tomorrow he's going to celebrate his 80th birthday!"

"How?" asked the editor.

"It seems to me, Mary, that you're marrying very hastily. What is the policeman's name?"

"I don't know his name, but I've got his number."

* * *

"Is your husband a bookworm?"

"No, just an ordinary one."

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Clerk: These are exceptionally strong skirts, they simply laugh at the laundry.

Helen Guthrie: Yes, I know the kind. They come back with there sides split.

* * *

John: "While we're sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you——"

Barbara: "Yes, darling?"

John: "If we couldn't move over. I'm sitting on a nail."

Joanne Milburn: "I'd like some rat poison please."

Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Joanne: "No, I'll send the rat over after it."

* * *

"Don't you feel better since you gave up smoking?"

"No, I'm bothered to death trying to find out what has become of the money I was going to save."

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Woman (In a crowded street car): "I wish that good-looking man would give me his seat."

Five men stood up!

* * *

ICI RADIO WCI!!!

Mademoiselle Cameron: Pourquoi etes-vous si stupide?

Dink Philpott: Oh ce n'est pas difficile.

AH C'EST L'AMOUR

Lui: Ah cherie depuis que je t'ai rencontree, je ne peux pas manger je ne peux pas dormir, je ne peux pas boire, ah!

Elle (amoureusement pleine de passion): Pourquoi pas?

Lui: Je n'ai plus d'argent.

* * *

Mr. Bailey had asked his class to write a composition on how to obtain good posture.

Spencer Chambers from the country wrote 'keep the cows off and let it grow!'

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Don A: "How do you get rid of fleas?"

Lloyd A: "That's easy. Take a bath in sand and a rubdown in alcohol. The fleas get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

. . .

Sign on shack at the fork of a mountain road in backwoods section of Virginia: "Don't ask information—if we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

. . .

Doctor: "I hate to bring this up, but that check you gave me came back."

Ronald S: "Believe me, I don't like to mention this either, but so did my stomach ache."

. . .

It was lunch hour at school and Monk's two buddies decided to play a little joke on him. During his absence, they drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat, which he had left in his locker. In due time, Monk discovered the picture.

"What's the trouble, Monk?" asked Moose, trying to appear innocent.

"Nothing much," replied Monk. "Only I'd like to know which one of yez wiped your face on me coat."

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Mrs. Simpson entered her husband's office unannounced and found him with his secretary seated on his lap. With rare presence of mind he said: "Now don't get excited dear; I didn't want to tell you, but business is so bad that I am studying to be a ventriloquist."

Courtship causes a man to spoon —
Marriage to fork over.

Mac: Skinner, don't laugh at Moose.
It isn't right to have fun at his expense.

The reason a dog has so many friends —he wags his tail—not his tongue.

Mrs. Scott: "Dodn't I hear the clock strike three when you got in last night?"

Bob: "Yes Mother. It was going to strike seven but I stopped it so it wouldn't waken you."

Gilbert Ross: "But what has your boy friend's cadet training got to do with his waving at every pretty girl he sees."

Helen Cunningham: "Oh, he's in the signaling corps."

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Jean Ferguson: Don't you think I show distinction in my clothes?

Doug Philpott: Well-er-that is, I think distinctly would be a better word.

* * *

Lady: How much are those tomatoes?"

Grocer: "Seven cents a pound, ma'am."

Lady: "Did you raise them yourself?"

Grocer: "Yes, they were five cents a pound yesterday."

* * *

"I think I'll be a business man," said George to Harry S. "Judging from the way my homework stumps the old man, ya don't have to know a thing."

* * *

Mr. Blair: "What are the three important Greek orders?"

Joe McKewan: "Cups skuffey, roas bif sanwhich, and peas coconut pie."

* * *

She: "My sin is vanity. I spend hours admiring my good looks."

He: "That isn't vanity, that's imagination."

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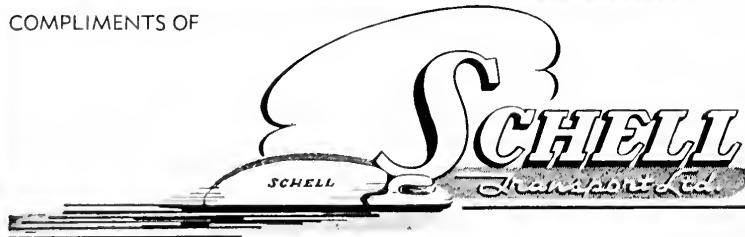
Dear Moron:

I sat down with a pencil in my hands to typewrite you a letter. Pardon the ink. I don't live where I used to because I moved to where I live now. When you come to see me you can ask anyone where I live because nobody knows.

I am sorry we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart. My chum's aunt's uncle died and is doing nicely. Her brother has the mumps and is having a swelled time. He is at death's door and the doctor is trying to pull him through. We are having more weather than we had last year. I sent you a coat by express so I cut the buttons off it to make it lighter. If you want them they are in the pocket. I started to Quincy to see you and I saw a sign that read "This will take you to Quincy." I sat on the sign for three hours and it didn't move an inch. In case you don't get this letter let me know and I will send it to you. I forgot to send you the money I owe because I didn't remember it until after I sealed this letter.

Love,
Another Moron.

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

JACK LAWSON

506 Dundas Street

Roy Hart's car arrived at a toll bridge.

Attendant: "50 cents".

Roy: "Sold".

. . .

Don't be afraid to dream. A little dreaming imagination—is necessary for success.

. . .

"What's bothering Helen Cunningham?" asked Mr. Cordick. "She looks furious." "Oh she's trying to reduce. She just weighed herself on one of those scales with the new speaking attachment—and when she stepped on it, the voice said, one at a time, please!

. . .

Pupil: What is an adult?

Teacher: An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle.

. . .

So often it is the case that the first screw to get loose in a person's head is the one that controls the tongue.

. . .

It never occurs to a boy of eighteen, that some day he will be as dumb as his father.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Visiting Uncle (who slept in his nephew's room): "Thank you, Jim, for that glass of water you left for me last night."

Jim: "What! Don't tell me you swallowed my tadpoles."

. . .

Dorothy Jean: "How are you getting along in school?"

Evelyn: "Oh, I'm as famous as Napoleon."

Dorothy: "How come?"

Evelyn: "I went down in history."

Mr. Kitching: "Tell me, George, why do women live longer than men?"

George Stevens: "I don't know, teacher, unless it's because paint is a preservative."

. . .

Two little boys were all set for their mother to bring them a baby sister from the hospital. When Grandma told them they had a baby brother they expressed great disappointment and disgust. On the verge of tears one little fellow said: "We'll send you next time, Grandma."

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Eskimo (male): You know, dear, I drove my dog team a thousand miles to tell you I love you.

Eskimo (female): That's a lot of mush.

"Did the patient take his medicine religiously?"

"No, he swore every time."

Secretary: Your wife wants to kiss you over the phone.

Business Man: Take the message and I'll get it from you later.

Frank Tabor was sitting in a crowded bus with his eyes closed. One of the women standing near him gave him a nudge and asked him if he was asleep. "Oh, no" replied Frank "I just can't bear to see women stand."

* * *

Lawrence: "My Dad must have got in to all sorts of mischief when he was a boy."

Rodger: "What makes you think so?"

Lawrence: "He knows exactly what quesitons to ask me when he wants to find out what I've been doing."

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Bill: "Mom, why hasn't dad any hair?"

Mother: "Because he thinks too much, darling."

Bill: "And why do you have so much hair mom?"

Mother: "Because . . . er . . . you get along this instant."

. . .

Doctor: "Have you told Mr. Brown that he's the father of twins?"

Nurse: "Not yet, he's shaving."

Miss Broadly (vacationing in the country): "What a strange looking cow! Why has she no horns?"

Farmer (cutting himself a chew): "Wal, some cows we dehorn and some cows are born without horns, and never have any; some cows shed 'em and some cows get 'em broke off. Oh, there's plenty of reasons why a cow can turn up without any horns. But so far as this here critter is concerned, the reason why she's got no horns is that she ain't a cow at all, she's a mule."

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Mr. Cross and his wife went shopping. At a fish market Mrs. Cross called his attention to a tray of catfish, nicely cleaned, with heads on, eyes staring and mouths open wide.

"Don't they look good?" she remarked.

"Goodness me!" ejaculated the pedagogue, staring at the fish and clutching his hat with both hands.

"That reminds me, I should be teaching a class in chemistry."

Boastful Beatty: "That's a good 200 yard drive."

Caddy: "Yep, 100 up and 100 down."

* * *

Nurse Johnston: "Everytime I take the patient's temperature, it goes up, what shall I do?"

Dr. Gaynor: "Blindfold him!"

* * *

Doctor: You must avoid all excitement.

Byrnes Fleuty: Oh, Doc, can't I even look at them from across the street?

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12 Graham St.

Marion R: "Most one-handed drivers are headed for a church-aisle."

Russel D: "Yeah?"

Marion R: "Yeah, some will walk down it, others will be carried."

H. McGachie: "I thought I told you to come after dinner."

J. Cathy: "That's what I came after."

Mr. Young: "What this team needs is life."

Tom Kays: "Oh, no, thirty days is enough."

It was Farmer Brown's first visit to the big town. In the window of the Department Store he read a sign: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes." "Gosh," he said, "It's about time."

* * *

Judy Bain: How does Roy Beatty's moustache grow?

Marilyn Shantz: On the installment plan.

Judy: How?

Marilyn: A little down each week.

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511 DUNDAS ST.

Marion King: "Please, could you tell me where I could get some silk covering for my settee?"

Floorwalker Douglas: "Two aisles down and one over for the lingerie department."

. . .

Doug Hancock: Did you hear about the dentist who had a "dollar day" sale?

George Pierce: He was selling buck teeth.

. . .

Henry: Have you ever had a complaint from athletes foot.

John: Only once when a full-back caught me with his girl.

. . .

Babe Woods: "Why do you call your boy friend 'Pilgrim'?"

Helen Cunningham: "Because every time he calls he makes a little progress."

. . .

Don Taylor: "I want a ticket for Virginia."

Ticket Agent: "What part of Virginia?"

Don Taylor: "All of her, mister. That's her by the suitcase."

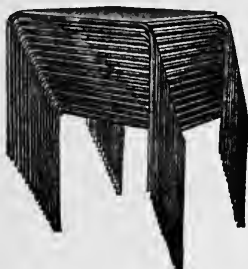


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